BECAUSE CRAIG IS CRAIG
SO MUST THE STREETS
BE FILLED WITH CRAIG (DEATH)

OFF THE WALL

AND HUGE DROPS OF LEAD
POURED DOWN UPON HER HEAD
UNTIL SHE WAS DEAD
YET, THE CATS STILL COME OUT
AT Night TO MATE
AND THE SPARROWS STILL
SING IN THE MORNING

by Charles Willeford

THE STORY OF DAVID BERKOWITZ, THE SON OF SAM, .44-CALIBER KILLER AS TOLD BY CRAIG GLASSMAN, THE DEPUTY SHERIFF WHO NOT ONLY CAPTURED HIM, BUT BY CHANCE, LIVED IN THE APARTMENT DIRECTLY BELOW BERKOWITZ.

Preface by:

Edna Buchanan, a reporter for the *Miami Herald*, is the recipient of awards from the American Bar Association, the National Newspaper Association, and the Florida Society of Newspapers. As the first woman assigned to cover crime full-time in Florida, she has reported more than 2,500 violent deaths, including plane crashes, terrorist bombings and assassinations, boat disasters, kidnappings, narcotics raids, major jewel robberies, child snatchings, and natural and unnatural disasters. She is also the journalist who first discovered that the death of Arthur McDuffie (catalyst for the Miami riots) was no accident, but murder.

She is the author of
CARR: FIVE YEARS OF RAPE AND MURDER

Preface

You have been chosen. You have been chosen to die, writes David Berkowitz in the first of his letters to downstairs neighbor Craig Glassman.

Thus begins a remarkable and chilling counterpoint that burgeons beyond a puzzling encounter with a peculiar stranger into the climax of the most intensive manhunt in New York City history.

As the Son of Sam, the .44 caliber killer, stalked New York and its headlines, and terrified young women into changing their lives and hair styles, Craig Glassman was being annoyed. An eccentric neighbor profanely demanded that Glassman turn off his TV, pounded on the ceiling above, trailed him on evening walks and touched off a trash fire at his door.

How could anyone suspect that the elusive for loving discipline by catering to his whining whims, then, in his mind, rejected him for good by dying.

More female rejection came from a disapproving stepmother, a bright and sassy stepsister and the teenage girlfriend who married somebody else.

Sex and courtship proved to be serious problems for Berkowitz. Early on he concluded that nice women, decent women, did not participate in sex acts. And certainly he, as a newly converted and Born-Again Christian, would not stoop to such things. Therefore the "howling demons" who drove him, directed him to young and courting couples who frequented lovers' lanes and traveled about together in cars. He must obey. And Berkowitz felt no pangs of remorse for, after all, he was merely sending them to a better place while slyly stealing the orgasms they would have experienced. They were his reward.

"I've had three wives," a laughing David Berkowitz once told a fellow postal worker. It was after the death of his third victim.

By the time Craig Glassman moved into the bachelor apartment downstairs, the Son of Sam was painfully experiencing another phenomenon common to sex killers.

The thrill was gone, or had at least become as elusive as hell.

The stimulation and sexual release brought about by their violent crimes becomes more and more difficult to achieve. As the killing continues, the perpetrator finds it definitely an uphill battle to manage an erection and/or orgasm. Frustration and anger builds as a result, leading to new crimes.

Berkowitz first saw Glassman in the lobby the day that Craig, a volunteer deputy sheriff, moved into his Yonkers efficiency.

That same glorious March day, Berkowitz celebrated the rites of spring by torching a vacant lot. His earlier bid for attention, as the Phantom Fireman who set nearly 2,000 small blazes, had already been obscured by his new identity as Son of Sam.

Always seeking supernatural signs, Berkowitz soon focused on his downstairs neighbor as the villain to blame for his recent lack of sexual satisfaction.

Never were two men more alike—and more different.

Separated by scant inches of plaster and wood, and by a sea of sanity, the two are classic examples of human beings working out similar problems and frustrations in distinctly dissimilar fashion.

They are both compulsive eaters: Berkowitz upstairs, devouring donuts, candy bars and guzzling chocolate milk, as downstairs, Glassman wolfs peanut butter sandwiches washed down with Tab.

Both are gun aficionados who own pistols and a yen to serve as volunteer policemen. Glassman is a successful deputy sheriff. Berkowitz found it dull and dropped out. Both are Jewish, with retired parents in Florida. Both battled boredom on dead-end jobs.

Glassman wants to help people.

Berkowitz wants to kill them.

And he shares in common with other multiple murderers the deluded conviction that his victims are actually better off for his ultimate intrusion into their lives. He did them a favor. Sex-slayer Robert Carr, who killed a 21-year-old mother, a 16-year-old girl and two 11-year-old boys, has looked me in the eye and in all sincerity opined that his young victims are better off dead than facing the cruel realities of adult life, in which nothing they would encounter could ever have been more cruel than he.

Berkowitz piously rationalizes that he has provided his victims with one way express tickets to heaven. A person killed unexpectedly, he believes, streaks straight to paradise. Zoom. No more worries, work or pain. Straight to heaven.

Like Robert Carr, who buried his victims deep, in graves in Mississippi, Louisiana and Connecticut, Berkowitz is concerned about his victims' hygiene and personal habits. He wants them clean, well-groomed. Only the best.

"I kill only pretty girls," he bragged.

Robert Carr insists that all his victims were not only attractive but bright, and that he taught them a great deal of value before dispatching them.

"They all grew a lot during their time with me," Robert Carr said.

"I feel like an outsider. I am on a different wave length than everybody else—programmed to kill," David Berkowitz wrote.

"Whatever is wrong with me," Robert Carr said, "I was born with it. You can see that."

The litany is always the same. They recognize the danger within them. No one else does.

Son of Sam already had killed three and wounded four—at the direction of demonically possessed neighborhood dogs—by the time Glassman innocently became his new neighbor.

And Glassman had part time custody of his dog, Aphrodite, to ease his loneliness. He even thought vaguely of inviting his somewhat peculiar upstairs neighbor in for coffee and talk, but this, he reminded himself is New York, where people are not so friendly, and so the invitation went unextended.

When the suspicion first looms, Glassman quickly rejects any possibility that the chubby postal clerk could be the notorious killer. "He was a quiet individual and kept to himself."

He could not know that Berkowitz had found not only Christ in his conversion but the devil, and that the cruel powers of the prince of darkness were now more alive than anything else in his existence.

There is no way of knowing, but, what if Berkowitz had remained a nice Jewish boy and skirted that evangelist's tent in Kentucky? Perhaps his victims would be alive today. But they continued to die. Investigators, both professional and amateur, frenetically sought a pattern, a motive, some logic that might lead them to the maniac before he killed again. But, of course, there was nothing logical about David Berkowitz.

Someone reported that all of the .44 killer's victims were long-haired brunettes. Girls all over the city cut off, pinned up and dyed their hair.

Stacy Moskowitz was blonde. She thought she was safe. She died too.

Son of Sam was afoot in the city. Journalists wrote open letters pleading for his surrender. Composite drawings that resembled him little, if at all, hogged front pages.

At first his strange neighbor added spice to Craig Glassman's new and lonely bachelor existence. But now he suspects that the man upstairs is an arsonist, the writer of poison pen letters and the killer of dogs. Bad dreams plague Glassman. Uneasy, he fastens the chain lock on his door and barricades his windows at night. He sleeps alone, his .38 caliber pistol on his pillow.

The Hitchcockian suspense and ironies build as Glassman becomes more and more terrifyingly aware that the man upstairs is more than just an eccentric neighbor. Footsteps circle ominously, endlessly, above his ceiling. He hears the click of the light switch in the dark.

There is probably only one thing worse than a David Berkowitz as your upstairs neighbor and that would be having him introduced as your blind date.

Willeford takes us into the logical, matter-of-fact, police trained reaches of Glassman's mind: a young man suffering the trauma of a marital breakup, just when his future seemed to be coming together, now faced with something far more sinister.

And, right on point, always, Willeford takes us deep into the barren wilderness of the killer's mind. We look out from the vacant eyes of David Berkowitz as he scrubs his flabby body with Dial soap during his fourth shower of the day and is haunted by the demons loosed upon him by his neighbors' pet dogs. Dogs who whisper: "Kill. Kill."

Willeford probes deftly behind the headlines for the real stuff. He focuses not on the victims or even the slayings themselves. We all know about them. They are depicted in a fashion almost casual, as they were to Berkowitz. Bam! Bam! Bam!

Bam! into a car occupied by a faceless, loving couple. Then run like hell.

A flash of blond hair, an agonized cry for help in the night, that was all Berkowitz knew of his victims until a curious perusal of headlines the next day to see how well he had succeeded, and whom he had killed.

Willeford draws for us this clear and candid portrait of one of this century's most feared and hated killers.

He shows us what makes a David Berkowitz tick and how we could have seen him sooner. He was there, in all his dementia, in all his garbled religion. We never looked.

At the end it is nearly Glassman grabbed by homicide detectives who think he is Berkowitz; and it is he, Glassman, who reminds the jubilant cops to advise Berkowitz of his rights.

"Police," Berkowitz once wrote: *"Let me haunt you with these words: I'll be back! I'll be back!"*

There are, he warns, other Sons of Sam out there.

Edna Buchanan

JULY 30, 1976

Chatting in a Car, Girl Met by Death

By JAMES DUDDY

A man crept up to a double-parked car in front of an apartment house in the Bronx early yesterday and fired four shots, killing an attractive teenager and wounding her girl friend.

The assailant fled into the darkness without saying a word, leaving the wounded girl screaming hysterically.

Police said that Donna Lauria, 18, of 2860 Buhre Ave., Westchester Heights, was killed when the first bullet, fired at close range, crashed through the window of the passenger's side and struck her in the temple.

A second bullet entered the thigh of the driver, Jody Valenti, 19. One slug ricocheted off the door; and the fourth shot was found lodged in the front seat.

Detectives said they believed that the murder weapon was a .45 caliber automatic, but were not about to confirm this pending ballistics tests.

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NOVEMBER 28, 1976

2 Girls Are Wounded Near Home of One

By THOMAS PUGH

Two teenaged Queens girls were hospitalized yesterday, one of them in serious condition, after they had been shot, apparently by a total stranger outside one of the girls' homes in residential Floral Park.

Joann Lomino, 18, of 83-31 262nd St., in front of whose home the shooting took place, was reported in serious condition in the intensive care unit at Long Island Jewish Hospital. She had been shot in the spine.

Her girl friend, Donna DiMasi, 17, of 86-29 262nd St., was in satisfactory condition in the same hospital with a bullet wound in the neck.

Police said their assailant, whom they did not know, fled after firing several shots at the girls. He was described as white, between 25 and 30 years old, and was wearing a brown or green three-quarter length coat.

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JANUARY 31, 1977

Shots Fired Into Car Kill Her In Embrace

By PETER BERNSTEIN

An attractive 26-year-old secretary who was sitting with her boy friend in his car in Forest Hills, Queens, was fatally wounded yesterday when an unknown assailant crept up and fired three shots through the window at close range.

Two of the bullets ripped into Christine Freund of 59-18 Linden St., Ridgewood, Queens. She was struck once in the side of the head and once in the shoulder. The third bullet ricocheted off the windshield. Her friend, John Diel, 30, was not hurt.

Police said there was no apparent motive for the slaying. However, homicide detectives recalled three other similar instances in recent months, in Floral Park, Flushing and the Bronx, involving a gunman who approached the car and fired shots through the window.

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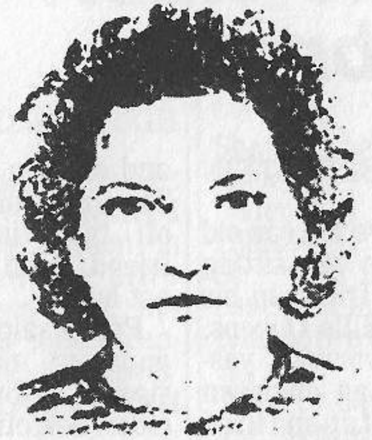


July, 1976

First Police Composite
Drawing of the Killer

Chapter One

HIS EYELIDS WERE WET. As he tried to open them, first one and then the other, a wet raspy tongue lapped at the lids. The tongue was sticky, but not abrasive enough to be irritating. It seemed to have an intelligence that could outwit him, because, as he tried to fool the tongue, by saying to himself that now I will open my right eye but really open my left eye instead, the tongue would anticipate his intention and dart wetly back and forth as it kept his left eye sealed shut. He couldn't open both eyes at once, either. When he tried to do so the tongue flickered rapidly from one eye to the other, and the sticky stuff, the saliva, thickened, keeping both eyes gummily sealed.

When he heard the voice he began to get a trifle panicky. The husky whisper was neither male nor female. The voice repeated, over and over, and without passion, "Kill, kill, go out and kill."

Up until the moment he had heard the voice, he had been mildly irritated, faced with a simple, but annoying, problem, and wondering, in a half-hearted way, how he was going to solve it. But now, the disembodied voice gave purpose to the wet, lapping tongue. It was keeping his eyes sealed in a particularly nasty and ugly way because it didn't want him to see who it was. The purpose was to keep him immobilized. But how, he thought, puzzled, can this person use his tongue to talk and to lick my eyes at the same time? Are there two people out there?

Is it a recording?

Fully conscious now, David Berkowitz threw off the heavy, dirty comforter and struggled to a sitting position on the mattress. The mattress, three-quarter sized, was on the floor. David's cheeks were wet, and his eyes were gummy. He had been crying in his sleep again. He often woke up this way, and he couldn't understand it. He never cried when he was awake—only in his sleep—and this was a recent phenomenon. He listened to the barking now—the voice—far below the window. The barking was insistent, demanding.

"I hear you, Sam," David said. "I'm up."

David walked to the dining room window, kicking dust devils, and pulled back the blanket covering it enough to show his face. Seven stories down, in the Carr's backyard, Harvey, a large Labrador retriever, barked, his yapping rippling in wavelets up the side of the building. From this height, Harvey's eyes were the size of periods at the end of a sentence.

"See me?" David said. "I'm up!"

The dog stopped barking, shook its head, turned away, and limping, retreated importantly into its yard.

The noticeable limp gave David some satisfaction, because he had put it there the night he had shot Harvey with his .22 rifle. He was unable to kill Harvey, because Harvey was another Son of Sam, a devil's minion, and therefore immortal, but it gave David some satisfaction to know that the slug was still in Harvey's shoulder. That was the trouble with dogs. Sometimes they were merely dogs, and easy to kill, but others were devils, and impossible to kill. David had never liked dogs, and he had killed his fair share of them, but he knew for certain that Harvey was immortal, and was in the disguise of a dog to pass messages along to him from Sam Carr, who made him do terrible things from time to time.

David had been bitten by a devil dog when he was only three years old, and had hated and feared dogs ever since, but he hadn't known that they were devils until he had taken the Humanities course in junior college, and they had read Goethe's *Faust*, where the devil appeared first as a dog, to get the sense of things, before returning as Himself.

David's efficiency apartment was a square room, with another and much smaller room bulging inside of it that contained the kitchen. Upon entering the front door, the door to the kitchen was on the left. On the other side of the kitchen there was a pass-through window with a small ledge. The ledge wasn't large enough to eat on, so he had bought a card table and one folding chair to put beside the pass-through. On the right of the front door was the bathroom, and there was always plenty of hot water. His mattress was on the floor beside the larger window, a few yards away from the card table. The larger window was covered by an Oriental tapestry he had picked up at a flea market sale, and was nailed tightly over the window so that no one could stand on the fire escape outside and see in. The tapestry depicted a Tang dynasty scene of simpering ladies and solemn gentlemen of the Chinese court. They were apparently waiting for something or someone to make an entrance. But the back of the tapestry was inside the room, and the scene faced outward.

"Reading literature in a translation is like looking at the back of a tapestry." Cervantes had said

that. David's Humanities teacher had repeated the aphorism several times that semester to explain why the students had such a hard time understanding *Faust*, *Don Quixote*, and Moliere's *Imaginary Invalid*. David had liked that course, and the teacher, and now that he was older he intended, one of these days, to reread those stories to see if he could get more out of them. But *Faust* he understood. *Part I*. For some reason, they hadn't been assigned *Part II*, and one of these days he would have to read *Part II* to find out how it all came out.

Because of the blanket and tapestry tacked over the windows, the room was dark day and night. David switched on the floor lamp beside his mattress, and then turned on the overhead light by the front door. He entered the kitchen and poured a glass of chocolate milk. He took a sip, re-entered the living room, and looked at the hole he had punched in the wall. In red felt pen he had printed on the wall: MISTER WILLIAMS LIVES IN THIS HOLE. One night, the old lady, who lived in the apartment next door, had had her television set on loud when he came home from work at one a.m. He had punched the hole in the wall with his fist and shouted to her that he would kill her if she didn't shut off the set. She had shut it off in a hurry, and she had never turned it on again. Perhaps she played it when he was at work, but she had never played it again when he was home. He smiled, and poured some of the chocolate milk into the hole.

"Have some breakfast, Mr. Williams."

Oh, no! Please don't! I'll drown!

"You're no good, Mr. Williams. And you're never going to get out of that hole. D'you hear me? Never."

David had once rented a room, a real hole, from Mr. Williams in the Bronx, but had moved out after a week. Now, he liked to think that he had Mr. Williams in a hole. Sometimes, at night, he could hear Mr. Williams rustling around in there, trying to get comfortable, but as long as he had the old man in his power he would never be comfortable.

After he finished his chocolate milk, David picked a copy of *Hustler* off the floor, and sat down on the john. He opened the double centerfold and looked at the brown-eyed woman. She looked right back at him. Her legs were spread, and her large pink vagina was spread. The pubic hair was an inky triangle, and the hair had been carefully depilated around the outer labia. The clitoris protruded slightly, and the vagina was glistening with moisture. They probably had the model finger herself before they took the picture to make it wet, David decided. Because she was leaning back on her elbows, and the picture was shot from below, the top of her body was narrow, and her head seemed much too small for her body. *Hustler* was David's favorite magazine, although he bought several

girlie magazines every month. But he liked *Hustler* best because it was funny, and they didn't fool around.

They showed everything.

David took a shower, turning on the water as hot as he could stand it. After he had soaped himself all over he tried to masturbate, but he couldn't get an erection. He toweled himself dry, and then looked at the centerfold again, concentrating on the vagina. He tried again, but he still couldn't get an erection. The girl's eyes mocked him, staring at him with amusement. David plucked out her eyes with forefinger and thumb, but it still didn't help Sam again. Sam controlled everything. But there were times when Sam rewarded him, too. When he was good, and did what Sam told him to do. But not, apparently, today.

As he shaved his sparse but very black beard, David frowned at his bland, puffy face. His eyes were red from crying in his sleep. His soft, fat stomach lapped over the washbowl and the skin of his body was as white as a peeled almond. His black, kinky hair, in a moderate Afro, needed cutting, but it could wait until Saturday.

He put on blue jeans, white socks and tasseled loafers, and a long-sleeved white shirt. It was March, and the air was still nippy, especially in the shade, so he decided to wear his blue ski jacket. His jeans were frayed slightly at the back, so before he left the apartment he cut off the loose threads with his scissors.

There was no one in the long hallway. His apartment, 7E, was next to the last one at the end; 7F was empty, and 7D was rented by the old lady who no longer played her television set. He rode the elevator downstairs. Two black tenants were joking and slapping hands in the lobby, and two youngish white men, about thirty, were moving a yellow, plastic couch through the front door. Both of these men wore jeans and T-shirts, and were perspiring heavily.

One was obviously helping the other man move in. There wasn't enough room for two men to live comfortably together, and there were very few married couples in the building. The apartments were all efficiencies, and that was almost too much togetherness in one room for couples, unless they were incredibly compatible.

The blacks ignored David, and he ignored them. He didn't like blacks or Puerto Ricans. He didn't really *like* anyone. What he did, he *loved* everyone; he loved mankind because he was a Christian, and a Christian was supposed to love everybody. But that didn't mean that he had to *like* everyone as well. The distinction was a simple one, and David had no trouble with it. In fact, if more people were like him, it would be a much better world, he often thought.

The U-Haul truck was backed up to the steps, and David shook his head at the thoughtlessness

of the sweaty movers. He squeezed by, and stood for a moment on the sidewalk.

It was a lovely day, so he decided to walk to the restaurant around the corner for his late breakfast. He consulted his watch: eleven-fifteen. He ate two jelly donuts and drank a cup of hot chocolate with whipped cream on top. He was beginning to feel very good, thanks to the breakfast and the sunlight. It was really a gorgeous day. He decided to take a drive into the Bronx to look for signs. There would be plenty of time before he had to report for work at four p.m.

On his walk back to the apartment house to get his 1970 Ford, he passed a vacant lot. Someone had been clearing the lot, and there were several scattered piles of drying brush and leaves. David looked about. No one. With his lighter, he lit a pile of brush. After it was going, he took one of the burning twigs and set fire to another pile. The operation had only taken a minute or two. David strolled away from the scene, and made an entry in his notebook.

Fire. Pine Street. March 14, 1977.

The Phantom Fireman strikes again. After he got his car, he would stop at a drugstore, telephone the Fire Department, and report the brush fire. In the last year and a half he had started more than 800 small fires.

Yes, it was, indeed, a lovely March day.

Chapter Two

IT TOOK SEVENTEEN DAYS FOR CRAIG GLASSMAN TO FIND AN APARTMENT. Seventeen miserable, tension-filled days, with he and Mac overly polite to one another during the first week, and with Mac, during the last few days, accusing him of not even looking for an apartment.

"Look, Mac," Craig told his wife, "this was your idea, and I'm not fighting it any more. But I'm not moving into some rathole just 'cause you're in a hurry to get rid of me. Separation is enough trauma. Moving away for good is another ten points on the heart attack scale. We've been married five, nearly six years, so a few more days shouldn't matter."

"Want me to find you an apartment?"

"No. If I find a place today, I'll be out before you get back from work."

Marguerite "Mac" Glassman, nee McHale, snatched up her purse and gloves, and walked out. She didn't slam the door, but she didn't say goodby, either.

Craig picked up the *Yonkers Herald Statesman* and turned to the classified. He had been a Communications major, with a minor in Speech, at the University of Miami, but he was unable to communicate with his wife.

The two-story townhouse they lived in on Glenwood Avenue was comfortable, and just right for two people—if the two people got along—and it was only fifteen minutes away from St. John's Hospital, where Craig was finishing up his intern work for his R.N. It wouldn't be easy to find another place this nice in Yonkers. He wouldn't be able to pay for an apartment this large when he was reduced to his own income, either. Money, fortunately, was the only bright spot in the whole mess. There were no children, and because Mac had an education and a job, there would be no alimony. An immediate separation now, with a divorce as soon as possible; and because there was no dispute over money or property, they could probably share the same lawyer and split the fee fifty-fifty.

The problem was, Craig didn't want the

divorce. Mac did. He had thought everything was straightened out, and then she dropped the bomb.

They had started to have some violent arguments about a year before. She didn't like him to have guns in the house, but he had to have his guns because he was a volunteer Special Deputy Sheriff on the Emergency Force in the Westchester Sheriff's Department.

"Guns scare me," she had said. "And whenever we disagree about something, you take out your damn revolver and start to clean it or unload it. That scares me."

He laughed. "Why? Do you think I'm going to shoot you?"

"You might. How do I know?"

"That's the craziest thing you ever said."

"We might as well be divorced. You're never home anyway. You're at the hospital, or in class. And you're off at the police station at night, drinking beer with your buddies."

"We don't drink beer. We're on duty shifts, and we aren't allowed to drink."

"And you're only home during the day when I'm at work, or else you're studying your nursing books. We never go anywhere or do anything together."

"Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"No." He shook his head. "It's not enough for a divorce, not when we love each other. Why don't we talk to a marriage counsellor?"

"What good would it do?"

"A divorce means giving up forever. I love you, Mac, and I don't think our differences are all that bad. Do you?"

"I don't know."

"Then let's go to a marriage counsellor and try and work something out. I'll set it up, and we'll go together."

In Craig's opinion, the counselling had been a success.

Despite their differences in religion, they had had a good marriage. Craig's parents, Sam and Sally Glassman, loved Mac as much as their own daughter. Craig had met Mac at the University of Miami, when they were both students. Soon she was spending more time at his parents' house than in the dorm.

His parents owned a four-bedroom house on a lake a few blocks away from the university. It was a very happy house.

Craig had lived at home while he attended U-M; his older brother, Don, was still at home; and his younger sister, Sheila, hadn't got married yet. They swam in the backyard pool, and had barbecue cook-outs by the lake. Craig had been so

happy he had ballooned to 265 pounds. That extra weight had kept him out of the draft. "Obesity," they said. But Mac hadn't minded the extra weight, and they had had a long engagement before they finally got married. Although she had majored in Social Sciences, while his was in Communication Arts, they had been very close together on most issues.

Their idyllic college years in Miami were marred when his brother Don was killed in an automobile accident. This was a bad time for the Glassmans, but it drew Mac closer to the family. Craig had needed a lot of support from Mac then, and she had given it to him.

And certainly he didn't want to lose her now—now that he was beginning to find himself, and settle into a worthwhile career.

Craig had grown up in Ardsley, New York, and finished high school there, before his father retired and moved the family to Miami. Since Craig still had relatives in Ardsley, he moved back after graduating from U-M in 1971.

His parents, after Sheila got married, had sold their large house and bought a condominium in Miami, and were more or less hibernating there. Their original idea was to have the condo as a base, and then travel a lot, take cruises and so on. But things didn't work out that way. They made new friends at the condo, played bridge, swam in the pool, and never went anywhere. But they seemed happy. After thirty years as a physician his father was entitled to do anything he wanted, Craig thought, and that included doing nothing.

Craig had returned to Ardsley to look for a communications job in New York City, but the move had been a mistake. After December, 1971, when he and Mac got married, Craig had had a succession of dead end jobs. They moved to Yonkers when Mac got a job as a secretary in an architectural firm in New York.

Craig had worked as a service manager for Firestone, and then started selling wire and cable on commission. By this time, thanks to encouragement from Mac, he had trimmed down to 200 pounds. At five-ten, he was still a little hefty, but no longer obese. He had once worked part time for Wackenhut as a security guard in Miami, and he had enjoyed the work. He wanted something stable, instead of drifting from one job to another, and he had applied for and taken tests for police work in Dade County, Florida. But there were no offers, and he didn't want to leave New York because Mac was finishing up the extra college credits she needed to become a social worker. Her opportunities for employment as a social worker were much better in New York than anywhere else, and he still might find an opening in television or radio in the city.

Finally, they discussed Craig's future at

length, and decided a career in nursing would be practical and rewarding. While he was in high school, he had worked summers at the VA Hospital in the Bronx, and he knew what he would be getting into as a nurse. And he had always liked the work because you helped somebody every day, and that was important and made you feel good. So in 1975, Craig enrolled at The Cochran School of Nursing at St. John's Riverside Hospital. At the same time, he had joined the Emergency Force of the Westchester Sheriff's Department as a volunteer, and was promoted to corporal within six months.

Mac had put up with all of Craig's makeshift jobs, and now that he was getting somewhere and just about to graduate as an R.N. with the prospect of a good job at Montefiore Hospital, she wanted to pull out of the marriage. It didn't make sense, and that's what he told the marriage counsellor. Mac's only valid complaint was about the guns, so he had promised to keep his pistols locked up in the trunk of the car. As far as Craig was concerned, the counselling had worked.

And then, in February, 1977, Craig had a week's vacation and visited his parents in Florida. Mac couldn't get away. When Craig returned, Mac picked him up at the Newark Airport. She was very subdued on the drive home. As soon as they entered the house, she said they had to talk.

The moment they sat on the couch, her words came tumbling out in a rush, as if they had been rehearsed. "There's no use in prolonging the marriage, Craig. I want a separation now, and a divorce as quickly as we can get it. Please find an apartment and move out of here as soon as you can."

Craig was stunned.

After a celibate week in Florida, he had planned on getting laid as soon as he got home. During the four-hour flight, he had thought of little else. Mac's expression was grim, tight, caustic, lips pulled down tight at the corners, eyes staring, bright with anger. He had seen her this way before, and knew nothing he could say would make her change her mind. But he had to try.

"Aren't you going to give me any reasons? I thought we ironed everything out at the counsellor's. I just told my folks we'd had counselling and worked out our differences."

"The reasons no longer matter, Craig. Some marriages work out. Ours didn't. It never will. I want to live by myself."

"Is that what I tell my parents? 'Some work out, and some don't '?"

"I'll call Sally. She'll understand."

"You think my mother'll understand something I don't?"

"Sally and I are good friends. She'll

understand."

And so it ended. Despite the banality of the dissolution, Craig still loved Mac and suspected she still loved him. He gave up his futile arguments, however, and after visiting the marriage counsellor again by himself (Mac refused to go back with him), he resigned himself to the separation.

Aphrodite, his affectionate, female English sheep dog, and Hector, his tiger-striped (black, beige and white) cat still loved him, and Craig insisted on having weekend custody of Aphrodite after he moved. Mac didn't object; she frequently visited Upper Darby, Pa. to spend weekends with her parents, and had planned on leaving the dog with him then anyway.

Reading the classifieds with a marking pen in hand, Craig found two vacancies at the apartment house on Pine Hill, in Yonkers. The building, at 35 Pine Street, was only two blocks away from the townhouse. One vacant apartment was on the second floor, but Craig took the one on the sixth floor, 6E, because it had a beautiful view of the Hudson River. The rent was $238 a month, with two months paid in advance, and a $100 deposit for possible damages.

Craig called his friend, Bruce Newbrook, to help him move. They rented a U-Haul and had everything moved into 6E by one-thirty that afternoon. Craig and Mac had accumulated a lot of furniture during their five and a half years of marriage. Craig's sister, Sheila, when she moved to Boston with her new husband, had brought them a good many things from Florida that Sam and Sally Glassman no longer needed once they sold their big house and moved into the one-bedroom condominium. The large yellow plastic couch, for example, matched the one his parents had kept in Miami.

Craig took the color television and the Betamax, but left the stereo and speakers for Mac. He took the Samsonite card table and four folding chairs for the dining section of the apartment, which would serve until he could buy a better dining set later on. He and Bruce filled two cardboard boxes with kitchen stuff, enough to get by on, and they hardly made a dent in the kitchen supplies. He took one of the twin beds, and the seven-drawer highboy dresser, leaving the wider, five-drawer dresser for Mac. He left Mac a note, telling her he would give her his telephone number as soon as he had one, and gave her the address.

After they finished moving and turned in the rental U-Haul, Craig and Bruce stopped for a pizza and a root beer.

"You can turn that studio into a very nice bachelor pad," Bruce said, "but that bright orange carpet sure clashes with that yellow couch."

"After I live there a while I'll have to buy some other things, so I'm not going to lay out three hundred bucks for another couch."

"The couch is okay, it's the rug, man. Why did they ever put in an orange carpet?"

"Got a good deal on it, I suppose."

"It must've been one hell of a good deal!"

Bruce dropped Craig off at the townhouse so Craig could retrieve his Impala, and they promised to meet later on that week for dinner. Craig drove back to the apartment house alone, parked beneath the building, and rode the elevator up to the sixth floor. He made up the bed with clean sheets, poured a glass of Tab, and looked out the large window that opened onto the fire escape. He would need some curtains, and either venetian blinds or pull-down shades.

The towering trees below, bare black branches now, in March, reached from the steep yard almost to the fourth floor. In summer, when the trees were green, they would be beautiful. The apartment house was on a bluff, and the prospect from his window, six stories up, provided a panoramic view of the Hudson River. The river, less than half a mile away, was a silver band in the afternoon sun. An oil-streaked barge, towed by a tug, moved downriver at a crawl; a huge majestic bug. From his window Craig would be able to see the river change with the seasons, from turbulence in winter to a tranquil, mirrored surface in summer.

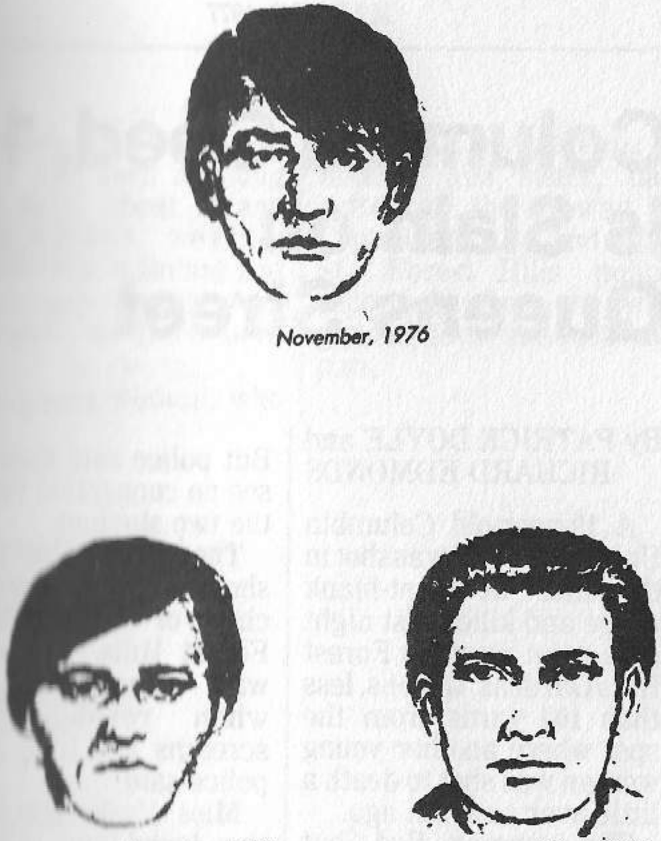
But he would be watching it alone.

Alone. Loneliness chilled Craig to the

bone, and he shuddered. He was twenty-nine, and living by himself for the first time in his life. He was truly alone, and chances were he would be alone for the rest of his life. The bleakness of his future was too much to absorb so soon. He would need time, at least a few weeks, to get used to the idea.

Craig decided to go back to the townhouse—Mac's house, now—and get Aphrodite. He would keep the dog, as company, for a few days, and then take her back. Mac would understand, and if she didn't, the hell with her. And while he was over there, he would bring the cat, too. Why not? Without Hector, Aphrodite would be lonely when Craig wasn't at home.

Craig turned away from the window and rushed out of the apartment as if it had suddenly been set on fire.



November, 1976

November, 1976

March, 1977

Various Police Composite
Drawings of the Killer

MARCH 9, 1977

Columbia Coed, 19, Is Slain on Queens Street

By PATRICK DOYLE and
RICHARD EDMONDS

A 19-year-old Columbia University coed was shot in the face at point-blank range and killed last night on a quiet street in Forest Hills Gardens, Queens, less than 100 yards from the spot where another young woman was shot to death a little over a month ago.

The gunman fled, but police said they had a description. The earlier murder is still unsolved. But police said they could see no connection between the two slayings.

The victim of last night's shooting, Virginia Voskerichian of 69-11 Exeter St., Forest Hills, was on her way home from school when residents heard screams and then a shot, police said.

Miss Voskerichian was then found lying face down on the sidewalk in front of 4 Dartmouth St., across from the Forest Hills Inn.

Officers said that witnesses had seen a young white man, about 18 and about 5-feet-9, wearing dark clothes, a ski hat and waist-length jacket, running west on Dartmouth St., after the slaying.

The young woman, who lived with her parents, a brother and sister, had gotten off the subway at Continental Ave. and 108th St., Forest Hills, police reported, when she was gunned down at about 7:30 p.m.

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Chapter Three

DAVID BERKOWITZ LOVED THE 149TH STREET POST OFFICE IN THE BRONX. It was huge, gray and forbidding from the outside, but he was on the inside, and out of the cold. His assignment, working at a noisy machine that sorted mail by Zip code at the rate of sixty letters a minute, was undemanding, almost mindless, and, at the same time, endlessly fascinating in its complexity.

The pay, seven dollars an hour, was more than enough for his modest needs. As a Born Again Christian, David didn't drink, smoke or fornicate. Neither did he dance nor play cards, although he owned a portable stereo, and a half-dozen records.

Except for seeing an occasional porno film, he rarely attended movies.

There was enough money for his rent and the car payments on his yellow 1970 Ford Galaxie, with plenty left over for guns and ammunition. He now owned a .45 caliber submachine gun, two shotguns, a .22 rifle, and a .44 caliber pistol. He had ordered the .22 rifle by mail, and had killed the dog on Wicker Street from his apartment building by shooting it from the window. When it died, he knew that it wasn't a hound of hell. That was a true test. But Harvey, the Labrador retriever in the Carr's backyard, was immune. He had shot Harvey from the window, too, but Harvey had lived, and then came back to give him orders to kill, orders passed on from Sam Carr, unless Sam was Harvey, and he had every reason to suspect that such might be the case, because he had seen Sam Carr walking down the street toward the grocery store, and he had a definite limp. Did Sam Carr limp before David shot Harvey? No, he didn't think so. . . .

"What are you smiling at? Why are you so happy all the time?" Theresa Graziano said, raising her voice against the noise of the sorter.

"I don't know," David said. "Isn't it about time for our break?"

"We could go now, if you like."

The two of them, David and Theresa, left for the cafeteria.

As a general rule, David went on his breaks alone, almost always taking one or two books. He was planning on re-enrolling in the Bronx Community College. He had earned thirty-seven credits there already, but had dropped out when he had taken the job loading trucks all day. A man could not do both, work all day, and then go to college at night. But now, working the shift at the Post Office from 4:00 p.m. to 12:30 a.m., only five nights a week, he would soon be able to go back and take at least two courses a semester until he got his degree. His plans were vague after that, but eventually he hoped to enter a seminary, learn enough Hebrew to read the *Old Testament,* enough Greek to read the *New Testament,* and then he'd be off and running, an official minister of the Gospel, spreading the word of God to all who needed it; and certainly a lot of people needed it nowadays.

But these long range goals were far, far away. The road ahead was a hard one, but he knew that when that time came, and he was an ordained minister (Baptist was preferable because Baptists were stricter than the other religions), he would be able to turn the tables on the Son of Sam. And for every person Sam had made him kill, he would make Sam save a soul; the worst derelicts and winos he could find for Sam, too, to make Sam's job harder. He smiled, relishing Sam's future discomfiture.

"Is that what you're going to eat?" Theresa asked. "A piece of apple pie, two donuts and chocolate milk? If I ate like that, I'd blow up like a balloon."

"It isn't so much," David said, shrugging. "It's just a snack, and I need the sugar for energy. I usually eat dinner after I get through work at night. If I ate a full meal now, I'd be sleepy by ten-thirty or eleven. Actually, Theresa, you should eat more than just a tuna salad sandwich and a Tab. It's a long pull 'til midnight."

"I'll probably have something else when I get home."

David liked Theresa. She was a nice girl, and she never swore like a lot of the other women around the Post Office.

David had passed the postal exam with an 80.5, and then they had added five more points onto his score because he had been a veteran. He had impressed the Postmaster, Frank Viola, during the initial interview, and again during the training period. Theresa had gone through training with David at the same time, and they had often helped each other. Mr. Viola had liked the idea that David was planning to finish college, and when he saw David in the cafeteria, he always nodded approvingly at the books David carried. Theresa, of course, was more ambitious. She wanted to be a carrier later on, and eventually a Postmistress, drawing down thirty-five or forty thousand dollars a year. She never missed a day's

work, and she was quite serious about her job.

They were joined at the table by George Moffa, another postal clerk. George was twenty-three, a year younger than David, and he had known two of the young women David had killed, Donna Lauria and Judy Valente. They were the first two people George had ever known personally who had died. As a consequence, George was very upset about the killings, and once, when he told David that he would like to get his hands on the killer's neck for just one minute, David had said:

"Yes, they really should get that man soon. Those are bad things he's doing."

David was quite sincere, but he knew the police had a hopeless task. They didn't know why David was killing those people, and unless they knew why, they would have a hard time finding him. He had sent some hints along to the police by letter, and he had written a couple of letters to Jimmy Breslin, the columnist for the *Daily News,* but they didn't seem to understand plain English, even though he had written in a decidedly poetic and metaphoric manner. At the same time, David felt hypocritical. After all, it wasn't really his fault; he was merely doing what he was told to do.

"What are you reading, David?" George asked.

"*Modern American Poetry.* It's an

anthology. I'm going to have to take an Am Lit course when I go back to college, and I'm trying to get ahead a little. But I don't understand most of this stuff. It's like reading telegrams."

"I hated English," George said bitterly.

"I didn't like it either, but I always got good marks in English," Theresa said.

"That's why I'm trying to learn something about it," David said. "I never got better than a "C" in English in my life. What do you suppose this means? 'So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow.' "

"I don't know. I guess it means they use a wheelbarrow to haul trash around," George explained.

"Thanks, George. That makes sense to me. Here, let me take your tray, Theresa."

David put Theresa's dirty tray on top of his own, dropped them both off at the kitchen passthrough, and then went to the john before returning to his machine. He had another five minutes or so before the end of his break, but he didn't want to listen to George talk about the Son of Sam, and he knew that in another minute or so George would be off on that subject again. David didn't mind George, and he would have liked to explain all about the killings to him, but if he did explain them to him, then he would have to kill George, and he didn't want to do that. David did not want to kill people he knew personally. So far Sam hadn't made him do it, but he knew that the

time would come when he would probably have to do it, and he dreaded it.

He suspected that he might have to kill Craig Glassman. It had been a shock to learn that the new tenant who had moved into the apartment below his was a deputy sheriff. He wondered if Glassman had been planted there by the police to spy on him. If so, they were being quite open about it, because Glassman had posted an official calling card onto his mailbox in the lobby.

Cpl. Craig Glassman
Sheriff's Department
Westchester County Courthouse
Ph. 914-682-2144

If Glassman was an undercover cop, would he put his calling card on the mailbox? On two different occasions, from the laundry room in the basement, David had watched Glassman walk through the garage and get into his car, a dark blue Impala, with a tan roof. Once Glassman had been wearing a sheriff's uniform, complete with pistol belt, .38 revolver and dark sunglasses; the other time he had been wearing white duck trousers, white shoes, and a white collarless jacket—a medic's uniform.

Of course, the apartment house was integrated, with more than half of the tenants black, and Glassman could be investigating someone else in the building. But if that were the case, why had he moved into the apartment directly below him? At any rate, Glassman had not seen David as yet, so he didn't know what he looked like. David would see to it that Glassman did not get a look at him. None of the composite drawings they had been running in the newspapers looked anything like David, and he knew that he was safe in that respect, but he would continue to maintain his low profile around the building. No one, for example, had ever been inside his apartment, and except for the delivery of U.P.S. of the .22 rifle, he had never had a visitor.

The paper boy? Yes, but he had taken care of him. Last Christmas he had given the paper boy a thirty-dollar Christmas tip. As a result, David had never missed a single paper since. He hadn't seen the boy since Christmas either, because each month David left the money for the paper in an envelope under the door.

The manager had never been in his apartment during his absences; he knew that, because he always wedged a paper match into the door when he went out, and it was always in place when he got home. No, Glassman was the man he would have to watch, and if it turned out that the deputy was investigating his activities, he would have to get rid of him.

After work, David bought a take-out anchovy pizza at Al Dente's, an all night Italian restaurant in the Bronx, and drove home. He removed

the matchstick, and entered the apartment. His face flushed with sudden anger and outrage as he heard the booming bass of the television set coming up through the floor from below. He dialed the operator, and asked for Craig Glassman's home telephone number, explaining that Mr. Glassman had recently moved. He gave the woman the Pine Street address. He wrote the number down before dialing it—he might have to call again.

"Turn off that fucking television!" David shouted into the phone. He then hung up before Glassman could reply.

A moment later, the set was turned off.

David was somewhat mollified, but still angry. What kind of person would have his television on so loud at one-thirty a.m.? Certainly not a person who had any consideration for his neighbors.

David then ate his anchovy pizza, washing it down with two glasses of root beer. He wasn't sleepy yet, but he was too tired to go through his clippings or write letters. He put Bartok's *Miraculous Mandarin* on his stereo, and turned the volume down until the sound was barely audible through the speakers. He could hear the music directly off the record as the needle dragged through the grooves.

David liked the story about the mandarin better than he did the actual music, but the music recovered the story for him and so he often played the record. The mandarin, crazy in love with a false woman who had lured him into the forest, was stabbed at least forty times by the woman's cohorts, a band of Chinese bandits. But the mandarin was so much in love with this whore, he didn't die; in fact he didn't even bleed. And then, at last, realizing how false the woman was, and how she had betrayed him, he gushed blood from the forty gaping geysers in his body and died. The miracle of love was over.

As the music ended with a fruity belch, David fell asleep, dancing, dancing, dancing.

Chapter Four

CRAIG STAYED BUSY WITH HIS NURSING STUDIES, AND HIS THREE SHIFTS A WEEK AT THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. He fixed up his new apartment, and he tried not to think about how lonely he was feeling.

He bought and hung brown venetian blinds on both windows, thinking that the chocolate brown blinds might subdue the brightness of the orange carpet, but they didn't help very much. The sheer white curtains, which billowed gracefully when the windows were partially open, helped to reduce the severe lines of the square room; and a half-dozen throw pillows on the couch, in various pastel tints, also softened the room. Craig didn't have any pictures, but he did hang his laminated University of Miami diploma above the television to remind him that he was a Communications major, and, no matter what he had to do right now to earn a living—cop or nurse—he would, eventually, find the kind of employment he was truly qualified for in television.

He bought a glass-topped dinette table and four chromium-legged chairs, with brown Naugahyde seats, for his small dining room, and scotchtaped a 24″ by 30″ poster listing all of the elements onto the dining room wall. The elements poster relieved the bareness of the white wall, and also helped him to memorize the elements every time he looked at it.

The table was covered with a lemon table cloth, and a brown pottery bowl of real silk flowers was squarely in the middle. Now the room looked inviting to him when he entered the front door.

Craig studied at the dining room table because of the strong, overhead ceiling light. When he studied on the couch where it was more comfortable, he had a tendency to fall asleep. He stored the folding card table and two of the folding chairs under the bed. He used one of the folding chairs as a night table, and kept the other folding chair in the kitchen.

Craig was a better than average student, and he followed the same study habits at nursing school he had followed in college: twenty hard minutes of reading the book, and a five-minute break. Then, twenty hard minutes with another book, a five-minute break, and then back to the first book again to spend another hard twenty minutes. He knew that a person's attention span rarely exceeded twenty minutes without flagging and that his study methods produced results.

The tough part of studying Craig's way was the five-minute break period between cracking his texts. He didn't smoke or drink liquor or coffee. He occasionally liked a cup of hot tea with lemon, but it always made him sweat afterwards. As a consequence, to have something to do, Craig often ate something or other during his five-minute break—an apple, a piece of pie, a donut, and once, a huge bowlful of cold macaroni and cheese. After eating the macaroni and cheese, Craig realized that he would have to give up his snack habit in a hurry; it was getting out of hand. He was already eight pounds overweight, which he could carry all right at five-ten (at this height, especially in uniform, he merely looked hefty), but another five pounds or so might start him soaring again. He had worked too hard and too long on his diet to shoot right back up there again, so he started to take walks during his break periods instead of eating.

Sometimes, on his short walks around the block, he would take Aphrodite, but more often he went alone. He would run down the long hall to the elevator, ride it down to the lobby, and walk briskly around the triangular block. The walk, if he stepped right out, took about seven minutes from portal to portal. But when he took Aphrodite, the eight-year-old sheep dog, with him, the same walk lengthened to ten, and sometimes fifteen minutes. She liked to investigate things, and she refused to trot to keep up with his long stride when he mounted the hill from North Broadway.

Because of his frequent walks, and peculiar work and school schedule, Craig got to know several of the apartment residents by sight if not by name, and he soon realized that there were more blacks than whites living in the building; either that, or the black residents had more visitors, which was more likely.

The apartment house was respectable, and also very clean, and because it was a good six blocks away from where the ghetto truly began, there was very little crime in the neighborhood. Two blocks closer to the ghetto, that is, only four blocks away from the ghetto, and there was considerable crime—purse-snatching, petty break-ins, and an occasional mugging. But *six* blocks away, and most of the distance uphill at that, seemed apparently too far for the ghetto thieves to travel.

What began to bother Craig after a couple of weeks alone was his desire for sex. He had been used to a regular and completely satisfying sex life, and although he could sublimate his desire most of the time, his need was brought frequently to his attention by the couple who lived next door. Their bed was up

against Craig's back wall, between the larger window and the right arm of his sofa. When they got going good the headboard would bang against the wall, and the springs of their bed would jangle to a monotonous reggae beat. The husband was a truck driver, and the only time they never made love next door at night was when he happened to be away for one or two days on a long run. Sometimes, two or three mornings a week, they made love at seven a.m., before the wife left for her job in a bakery. Although Craig was happy for the young couple, and glad that someone was getting laid regularly, even if he was not, their frenetic couplings next door served to remind him of his own needs.

Craig had kept his set of keys to Mac's townhouse, but when he offered her a set of keys to his new apartment she refused to take them. He was puzzled, and asked her why. Suppose something happened to him?

"All right," she said, "and while we're supposing, suppose I came over to get Aphrodite, or to bring you a letter or something, and opened the door to find you in bed with a woman?"

Craig laughed. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"You're only twenty-nine. We're separated, and the divorce will go through as soon as we get a hearing date. So why shouldn't I get that idea? I'm sure that you have. Why should you remain celibate? I certainly don't expect to be ——"

"Have you got a lover?" Craig flushed with sudden, irrational anger. The thought had never crossed his mind that Mac's need for sex might equal his own.

"Of course not." Mac shook her head. "But such things are bound to happen, and if I do get a lover I'll let you know."

"Please don't. I don't want to know."

"All right. In that case, keep the keys to the townhouse, but call me first before you come over."

"Then you *do* have a lover?"

"No, but if I ever do, I don't want you to come barging in. The marriage is over, Craig, and that means new lives for both of us—don't you see that?"

"Sure, eventually, but meanwhile the transition is hard. So, until you find someone, or I do, let's say, why don't you and I ——"

"No. Please take Aphrodite and go now."

Craig left in a surly mood. He considered Mac unreasonable. If they had made love, say, two thousand times as an estimate, during five and a half years together, give or take a couple of hundred times, he failed to see how a few more times would hurt anything now, especially when she had practically admitted that she wanted to do it as badly as he did. But Mac was also right in a way. It was time to start a new life, to get back into circulation.

The problem was he didn't know how to start. He had been a faithful husband. Although he was the only male student in a class of thirty-five nursing students, and the women were all friendly with him, they still thought of him as a married man. His relationship with the women in his class had been more brotherly than anything else. But he was single now, or almost so, for all practical purposes, and perhaps he should start paying more attention to the women in his class. At least he knew them all, and they knew him.

A few nights later, when there was a test coming up in Organic Chemistry, he invited Debbi Kizer and Sandi Weinstein to his apartment to study. Debbi was too thin, and Sandi was a little chubby, but they were both a lot alike. Both were attractive, twenty years old, and still lived at home. They were also naive, for nursing students, and relatively unsophisticated. Neither one of the young women had ever been to a bachelor's apartment before. They wouldn't have gone alone, either, but by coming together, in Debbi's MGB, they considered the visit something of an adventure. When they knocked on the door, they were giggling, and they told Craig about the black man in the lobby who was wearing a pink gabardine suit, a yellow shirt, and a rose tie. He also wore a high-crowned white hat, with an eagle feather, and purple suede shoes.

"That's normal," Craig grinned. "You should see some of the outfits on a Saturday night. One of the residents here has a red silk cape. He calls himself 'Ming the Magnificent.'"

They settled down around the dining table. They then took turns. One would call off the formula, and the other two would have to name the element. Then another would name the element, and the other two would have to come up with the formula. When the two women caught Craig sneaking a look at the elements poster, they laughed and decided it would be best if they moved into the living room section, and away from the temptation of the poster. Craig said it was time for a break, anyway, and he brought out a plateful of tuna salad sandwiches he had made on wheat bread, and a two-liter bottle of Tab. While they ate, Debbi asked Craig about the Betamax, and he gave the girls a demonstration.

"Do you have any dirty movies?" Sandi asked.

"No. Just *Patton.* Do you want to see *Patton*?"

Sandi shook her head, and Debbi giggled. "I was just teasing, Craig," Sandi said.

At that exact moment, the couple next door began to make love. The headboard banged against the wall, and the springs of the bed jangled. The sounds were unmistakable, and both women blushed with embarrassment. Craig was also embarrassed. For a long moment, he couldn't think of anything to say.

"Who wants more Tab?" he said.

Debbi's initial embarrassment turned to anger. "That's disgusting," she said, "what they're doing next door."

She rose from the couch, walked over to the wall, and rapped on it sharply three times with the heel of her hand. The noise from next door stopped abruptly. There was a long moment of silence, and then there were three heavy banging sounds that came from the ceiling above, as though someone had hit the floor with a sledge hammer, or a bowling ball. A powdering of plaster fell from the ceiling.

The three of them looked up at the ceiling, and then Debbi laughed. "They must've thought it was us up there!"

"Oh, no!" Sandi said, and she covered her pink face with both hands. All three of them laughed then. After they finished eating they went back to the dining room, ran through the elements three more times, and called it a successful evening.

Craig walked the young women down to their car, and then returned to his apartment. This was the first time that Craig became aware of his upstairs neighbor, and he wondered for a moment if it had been the upstairs neighbor who had called him at one thirty a.m., and told him to turn off his television set. It was possible, but what difference did it make? Craig had fallen asleep on the couch with the set turned on, and he couldn't blame the caller for complaining—although it could have been put to him in a nicer way. But whoever it was, the person who lived up there had certainly over-reacted to Debbi's tapping on the wall.

Pondering the evening, Craig was not dissatisfied, although he came to the conclusion that he did not want to pursue a romantic attachment with either Debbi Kizer or Sandi Weinstein. Those young women were much too shallow for him. But all in all, it had been a pleasant evening, and a hell of a lot better than sitting around all alone feeling sorry for himself. There were two tuna salad sandwiches left and he ate them before he went to bed.

Chapter Five

DAVID BERKOWITZ, WHEN HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, AND HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT A LOT WHEN HE FED THE AUTOMATIC SORTER HOUR AFTER HOUR, THOUGHT THAT HIS LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN QUITE DIFFERENT IF HE HAD EVER HAD THE LOVE OF A SINGLE WOMAN; THAT IS, ONE WOMAN WHO LOVED HIM, ACCEPTING HIM AS THE MAN HE WAS, AND NOT AS A MAN WHO DESERVED ONE QUICK LOOK, AND THEN WITHOUT EVER GETTING TO KNOW HIM, REJECTING HIM AUTOMATICALLY.

David had been rejected by every woman he had ever known, beginning with his mother, Betty Falco.

He was born as a legitimate child, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Falco. Born June 1, 1953, he was named David Richard Falco by his parents, and then given away immediately by his mother to Nathan and Pearl Berkowitz, a childless, middle-aged Jewish couple in the Bronx. A year and a half later, Mrs. Falco signed away all of her rights to him, and he was formally adopted by the Berkowitzes and renamed David Richard Berkowitz. David still couldn't understand it: how could his parents give away an innocent baby to some strange Jewish couple in the Bronx?

By his natural rights, David should have been a Catholic, not a Jew. If his mother had loved him, instead of rejecting him before he had a chance to prove himself as a worthy son, he would have been christened in the Catholic church, learned his catechism like all the other Mick and Spic kids, and then, when he was the right age to understand it all, he would have been confirmed as a Catholic. Even if his mother had hated him, he still couldn't understand why she had given him away to a Jewish couple. The only reason he could come up with that made sense was that his mother must have been Jewish, even if his father was an Italian. He simply did not know. But he did know that he couldn't have been so terrible at birth, as an innocent baby, that his mother would just take one look at him and then give him away. She couldn't possibly have known that later on he would become a spoiled and self-centered kid, although he had been a pretty good kid most of the time, until he had learned from the other kids on the block that he was adopted. And when his "parents" confirmed this fact, he had changed. As he thought back on it, he had often suspected that the Berkowitzes weren't his real parents long before he had learned that they had adopted him.

Pearl's answers to David's questions never clarified anything.

"If she was my real mother, what are you?" he asked.

"I'm your real mother now."

"Are you going to give me away?"

"No! I love you."

"Didn't my other real mother love me?"

"Yes, she loved you very much."

"Then why did she give my away?"

"She had private reasons, but I'm sure she loved you as much as we do."

The big problem, at the time, was that David didn't know where babies came from. He asked Pearl, but she wouldn't answer. "In time," she'd say. But even when he got older, and found out from the other kids at school, he still couldn't figure out why his first and really real mother had given him away.

Nathan Berkowitz, when he was around the house, was fairly strict with David, but he was away at his hardware store most of the time. David could get Pearl to do almost anything he wanted. All he had to do at first was to hold his breath; then, later on, he learned how to throw wild tantrums. He would scream and throw himself to the floor, drumming with both feet, wailing loudly all the while, beat his fists against the floor, on the table, on the wall, scream and carry on, and the first thing he knew Pearl would give him anything he wanted. Pearl was guilty, that was why. She was guilty because she had taken him away from his real mother.

Pearl was also guilty because she had gone along with her husband when they had made David a Jew, made him go through the *bar mitzvah* and all. That had been partially David's fault, the *bar mitzvah*, because he had wanted all the presents that went with the ceremony, but he could have had just as many presents, in all probability, after a Catholic confirmation. But kids are unaware that they have choices in this world; David had to live and learn before he could become a Born Again Christian.

David did not blame Pearl for his circumcision; that had to be Nathan's doing, a Jewish thing. Nathan was the strong believer in Judaism, always ready and willing to make up a *minyan*.

Billy Keefe, who had taught David how to jerk-off, had a big droopy foreskin hanging over the end of his *schlong* even when he had a hard-on. Billy could jerk off twice in a row without stopping and come both times. Billy could do this, he told David, because he still had his foreskin.

"Jews don't like sex much," Billy explained. "That's why they circumcise their baby boys. It takes away about half the pleasure, and you don't last as long either. Catholic mothers love their sons, and want them to like sex when they grow up so they'll have lots of children for the church. That's why they didn't circumcise me."

"Some Catholics are circumcised," David argued. "I've seen them in the boy's room at school."

"I know, I know," Billy said. Billy was thirteen, two years older than David, and knew a lot. "But if you'd ever see those boys at home with their mothers, you'd see that their mothers don't love them. Let's do it again."

"I can't," David said. "It hurts when I try to do it the second time."

"Maybe when you're old enough to shoot, like me, you'll be able to do it two times in a row, but don't count on it."

David had never been able to do it twice in a row; in fact, most of the time he was lucky when he could do it once, especially since he had become a Born

Again Christian, and learned that it was a sin to jack-off. But the chaplain in Korea had told them that it was better to spill a man's seed on the ground once in awhile, for health purposes, than it was to lie with a Korean whore. Not only was it a worse sin to lie with a whore, a man would immediately get the clap, or syphilis, or something worse. David had tried to explain this many times to the guys in the barracks in Korea, but they didn't want to hear about it. After awhile, they just avoided him when he tried to get them to stop drinking and whoring.

In Korea, one of the guys, an E4, had an ugly chancre on the head of his penis. David saw him treating it himself in the latrine instead of going on sick call. He put shavings from the styptic pencil on it, covered it with a Bull Durham sack, and then leaped around with the pain, cursing and half-crying. He didn't go on sick call, because V.D. was a punishable offense at the time.

David quietly turned the man in to the first sergeant. He was sent to the hospital, cured, fined fifteen dollars, and reduced one stripe to E5. No one ever found out for certain who turned the man in, but David was suspected.

No one in the Army had liked David.

But David had loved Pearl, maybe not as much as a natural son would have loved a natural mother, but he had had to love someone, and she had

been good to him before she rejected him, too, and died. At her funeral, he had cried uncontrollably, unconsolably, for at least an hour.

Pearl just got cancer and died, leaving him alone with Nathan, who could hardly wait to get married again—to a talkative woman with a teenaged, hippie daughter, a girl who thought she was the world's greatest living abstract artist. His new stepmother, Julia, bragged all of the time about how bright and talented her daughter was in comparison to how dumb and untalented David was. But David had proved to himself how dumb both of them were when he had turned his stepsister's abstract painting upside down one day—the one Julia hung in the living room and bragged about all the time—and nobody had ever noticed the change.

Both of these strange women had rejected David, too, even when he had tried to be nice to both of them to keep peace in the family.

The week before David left for the Army the hippie stepsister had sent him an anti-war collage from California, where she was living in a commune of some kind.

It was a horrible picture. In the center of the picture there was a close-up photograph of a screaming Vietnamese child. There were photos of monks in yellow robes burning. There were dead bodies piled up on both sides of the screaming child—

American bodies on one side, and Viet Cong bodies on the other. There were several groups of big-eyed, big-bellied children, with arms and legs as thin as black coathanger wires; and there was also the famous newspaper shot of the police chief shooting the Viet Cong soldier in the head. There was a burning ambulance, with the white crosses clearly visible, and lots of young American college students carrying signs. One sign said, LYNDON JOHNSON IS ROSEMARY'S BABY. David's stepsister had splashed red paint here and there on the collage to make it look like blood.

That collage had made David feel rotten. What a nasty and mean-spirited thing to send a young guy, barely eighteen, who was going into the Army the next week with a good chance of being sent to Vietnam and killed! It was only a miracle that he had ended up in Korea in the occupation forces instead of Vietnam, but she hadn't known that when she sent the picture.

Iris Gerhardt, he thought, had been different, but he had been wrong about Iris too. He thought, as a teenager, that Iris loved him because she would at least kiss him once in awhile when the Berkowitz family had moved to the apartment in Co-op City. David was sixteen and Iris was fourteen then, and they had kissed each other maybe a dozen times or more when they hung around the community club with the other kids there. That was as far as it ever went though, just kissing, and with the lips closed. Once she had told him that his eyes were a pretty shade of brown. He had been pleased by the compliment, and wanted to return it, but her eyes were small and she squinted a lot, so he had merely shook his head and smiled.

On the night before he was inducted into the Army and the infantry (that was on June 23, 1971, a date he would always remember), she had invited David to her house for a dinner of roast beef, with all the trimmings. It had been a very nice evening, one of the best he had ever had. Iris had invited some of her other friends, too, and it had been a kind of party. The next day, Iris and two of her girl friends had driven him to the Manhattan Port Authority Bus Terminal where he caught his bus for Fort Dix, New Jersey. It was a real send-off. He had been nervous, more than a little frightened, and it had helped a lot to have those girls laughing and talking with him on the way to Manhattan. It almost erased the painful gift of his stepsister's anti-war collage, although he would never be able to forget or forgive a rotten gift like that.

David had felt that Iris might even be his girl some day, that perhaps she would wait for him until he got out of the Army, and that they might even get married.

He wrote to her from Fort Dix, from Fort Polk, Louisiana, and from the 17th Infantry Regiment, when he was finally sent to Korea. He was a clerktypist, and there was time, almost every day, to write Iris a short letter. They had kept a very good correspondence going, and he had told her all sorts of things about himself, making up things even, from time to time, to keep her interested in him.

He told her, in his letters, that he was taking drugs in Korea, LSD and marijuana, although he had never taken any drugs in his life, except perhaps for aspirin when he had a cold or headache. But he thought if he told her that he was taking drugs she would think that he was keeping up with the times, like those draft dodgers back in the Bronx. Drugs were supposed to be the "in" thing those days, and he thought she might be impressed. He hadn't told her about being born again, except to say that he had become a pacifist, because she would have known that a Born Again Christian doesn't take drugs.

But then Iris got married and moved out of the state and it was all over.

Actually, there hadn't been anything serious between them to begin with, just a holdover teenage friendship. David had kidded himself, that was all, and it had helped to have someone to write to, and to get letters from. Oh, Iris had *liked* him all right. She hadn't faked that, or led him on or anything, but she had never loved him. If she had loved him, she wouldn't have gotten married. Perhaps, now that he thought about it, he had never loved Iris, either, but

only thought he had because she had answered his letters and all. If she had waited for him, and he had married her, then he would have discovered whether he had loved her or not. But now he would never know.

He only knew that Iris had, in the end, rejected him, just like every other woman he had ever known had rejected him.

Well, no woman would ever have the opportunity to reject him again. Sam had seen to that. David, with the help of Sam, had learned about women the hard way. And now, some of them were learning about David the hard way.

When David got home, after stopping for gas, it was almost one-thirty a.m. He parked in his favorite spot on Pine Street, about seventy-five yards from the front entrance. He checked his mail-box. Nothing. Then he discovered his new *Shooter's Bible,* the book he had sent away for, which was too big for his mail-box, on the ledge beneath the rows of copper boxes. Right next to his *Shooter's Bible*, touching it, in fact, was a package, wrapped in brown paper, and addressed to Craig Glassman. David looked at the return address on Craig's package:

Samuel Glassman
Miami, Florida

Sam! Was Sam Glassman Craig's brother? Father? Probably his father; a brother doesn't send packages to a brother, but a father sends presents to a son. There was no mistaking the sign, either. It was no accident that the two packages were side by side, David's *Shooter's Bible,* and the Berkowitz message from Sam the Evil One! Shaken by the juxtaposition, but too tired from standing on his feet for eight hours to think very clearly, David caught the elevator up to his apartment. What did the message mean?

David sat down for a moment, flipped through the pages of his new book, glancing at the photographs of rifles and pistols, wide awake now, and ravenous. His fingers trembled, and there was a fluttering in his stomach, as though tiny snakes were crawling around inside his belly. He should have stopped for a pizza on the way home, the way he usually did, but he had been too tired, and had had an overwhelming urge to go home immediately. Now he knew why. Sam had wanted David to see Craig Glassman's package before Craig came home and picked it up.

David checked his meager pantry. There was an opened package of Hydrox cookies, a half-empty jar of Jalapeno peppers, a full jar of apple butter, two boxed Kraft macaroni and cheese dinners, and a can of Mary Kitchen's roast beef hash. There was one large Spanish onion left on top of the refrigerator. David chopped up the onion and then washed the dried egg out of the frying pan before he dropped the onions

into it. While the onions cooked, on high, he opened the can of hash. He would have preferred to fix one of the macaroni and cheese dinners, but the saucepan was so encrusted with the dried Navy bean soup he had cooked in it the last time he used it he would have to buy some steel wool to clean the pan. After scraping the hash into the frying pan on top of the smoking onions, he made four slices of toast in his toaster, and buttered them. The secret to good hash was to let the crust form solidly before turning the stuff over. When the crust was thick, you turned it once, got a good thick crust on the other side, and it was still warm and gooey in the middle when you ate it. David loved Mary Kitchen's roast beef hash, and it smelled wonderful cooking there with the onions.

When his dinner was ready, David poured a glass of chocolate milk to go with it, and sat down at the card table opposite the kitchen pass-through window. As he ate he tried to think about the significance of the new sign from Sam. Was he supposed to shoot Craig Glassman? Would Sam order the death of one of his own sons? Would he, David, ever get any rest from the Evil One?

As his platoon sergeant in Basic used to say, "What you lose on the swings, men, you gain on the merry-go-round." At the time, David was puzzled every time the sergeant made that comment, but now he understood.

After piling his dirty dishes and the frying pan into the crowded sink, David was too restless to sit down. He paced about the room in circles, pausing occasionally and cocking his head to listen for a voice. Sometimes a single voice, or several together, whispered instructions to him, but tonight he could hear nothing, not even Mr. Williams in his hole. He knew what he must do, of course, without being told, but he was afraid. He had to do it, however, even though he was afraid. David slipped his loaded .44 pistol into his waistband. He pulled out enough tacks at the bottom of the tapestry to open the window. He crawled onto the fire escape, looking down into the Carr's backyard to see if Harvey was down there. No Harvey. The moon was out, not quite three quarters, as if someone had taken a big bite out of it. The Hudson was a wide gold ribbon under the pale light, and there wasn't a cloud in the clear sky.

Stealthily, a hand on the iron rail, David descended the shaky steel fire escape to Craig's window. The window was closed, but Craig had pulled the Venetian blinds up high enough so that Aphrodite, when she wanted to, could look out. Dogs like to look out. The white transparent curtains, however, were closed, except for a seven or eight inch gap at the bottom. David looked through the window, being careful not to touch the glass. Almost numb with fear, he clutched the butt of his pistol, but left it in his waistband.

Aphrodite, long sheep-dog hair hiding her eyes completely, trotted blindly around the room, whimpering. Hector, Craig's cat, stretched out lazily on the pass-through kitchen ledge, blinked steadily at nothing. As Aphrodite passed directly below him, Hector jumped suddenly onto the dog's rump, ran in a mad circle about the room once, leaped onto the folding chair beside the bed, and then from the chair to the ledge again. Hector resumed the same prone position he had held before his sudden crazy run, and it had all happened so quickly it was as if it had never happened. Aphrodite had ignored Hector and his performance. She continued her relentless circling around the room. Then she stopped, whirled, and rushed blindly to the window, growling deep in her throat. Wagging her tail, she pressed her nose against the bottom pane and licked the glass with her wide wet tongue.

Panicky, David scurried up the ladder, crawled back into his apartment, and closed and locked the window. He got onto his mattress and pulled the comforter over his head. His body was shaking, and his hands were icy cold. He could feel the sour taste of roast beef hash and onions coming up his throat. By gulping noisily, he was able to hold it down. He calmed down gradually, and after ten minutes he crawled out of his bed. With the comforter draped over his shoulders, he wrote on the wall in big block letters, with his felt-tipped red pen:

MY NAME IS
CRAIG GLASSMAN
AND I SHALL NEVER
LET A SOUL REST
CRAIG
GLASSMAN
WORSHIPS
THE DEVIL
AND HAS POWER
OVER ME

Chapter Six

THERE WERE THREE LETTERS IN CRAIG GLASSMAN'S MAILBOX WHEN HE CAME HOME FROM ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL THAT AFTERNOON. One was a letter from his mother, Sally, telling him that she would not be able to fly up to Yonkers for his graduation ceremony because of her bad back. Her back got too stiff on a long flight that way, and then she couldn't sleep. His father would come, of course, but she simply didn't feel up to it. She was sorry, but hoped he would understand.

Craig understood, and resolved to telephone her that night to tell her it was okay and not to worry about it.

A second letter, addressed to "Occupant," announced the opening of a new dry cleaning shop, and offered to clean two suits for the price of one. Craig saved this announcement and put it on his pass-through ledge so he could remember it the next time he had some cleaning.

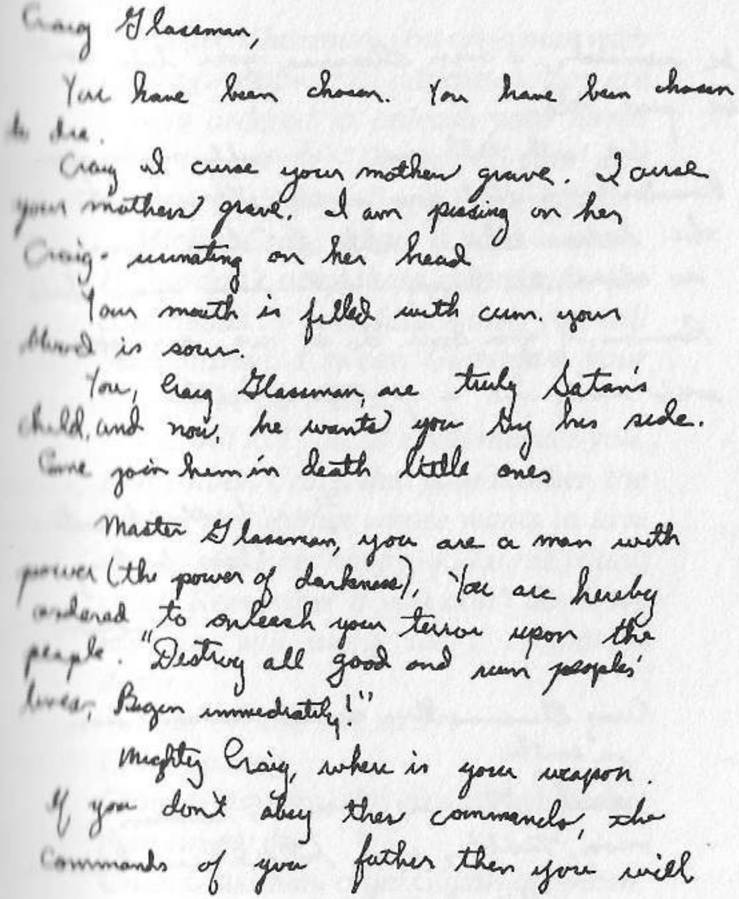
The third letter had a peculiar, but amusing return address on the envelope:

Mother, The Cemetery
174 Coligni Avenue
New Rochelle, New York 10801

Craig smiled, thinking that it was some kind of gag from his buddy, Bruce Newbrook—old Bruce trying to have a little fun with him. His police instincts, however, warned him to handle the letter by the corners, when he opened it.

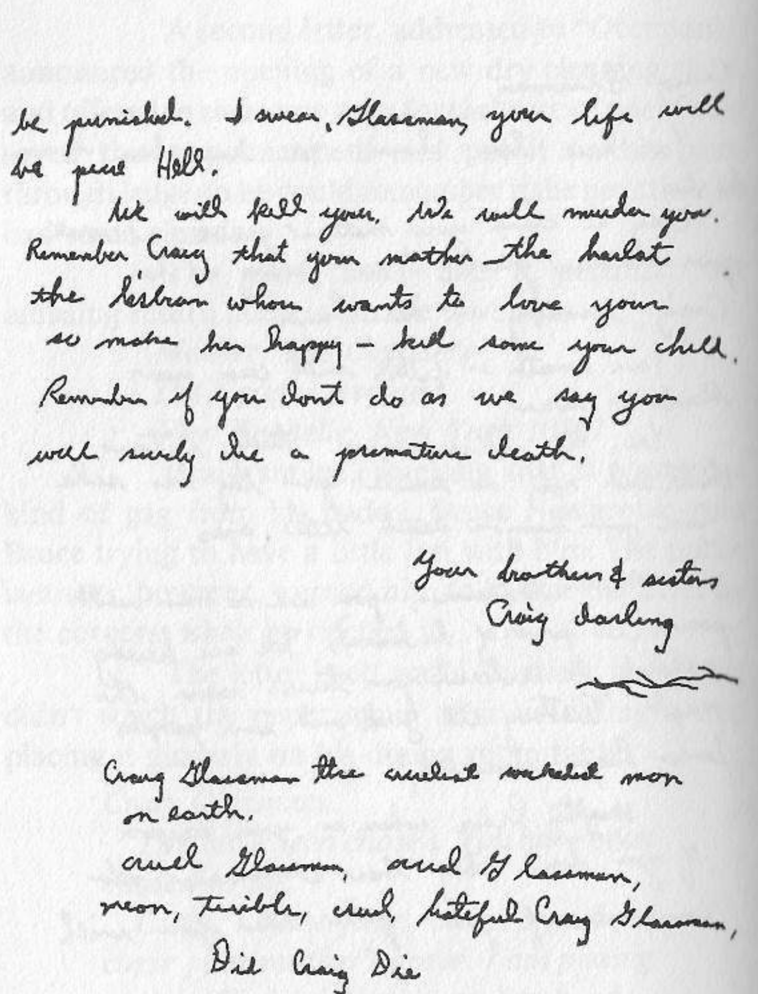
The letter itself was disturbing, and Craig didn't touch the paper again after unfolding it and placing it gingerly on his dining room table.

> *Craig Glassman,*
>
> *You have been chosen. You have been chosen to die.*
>
> *Craig, I curse your mother's grave. I curse your mother's grave. I am pissing on her, Craig, urinating on her head.*
>
> *Your mouth is filled with cum, your blood is sour.*
>
> *You, Craig Glassman, are truly Satan's child, and now, he wants you by*



Craig Glassman,
You have been chosen. You have been chosen
to die.
Craig I curse your mother grave. I curse
your mother grave. I am pissing on her
Craig- urinating on her head
Your mouth is filled with cum. your
blood is sour.
You, Craig Glassman, are truly Satan's
child, and now, he wants you by his side.
Come join him in death little ones

Master Glassman, you are a man with
power (the power of darkness). You are hereby
ordered to unleash your terror upon the
people. "Destroy all good and ruin peoples'
lives, Begin immediately!"
Mighty Craig, where is your weapon.
If you don't obey these commands, the
Commands of your father then you will



be punished. I swear, Glassman, your life will
be pure Hell.
We will kill you. We will murder you.
Remember Craig that your mother the harlot
the lesbian whore wants to love your
so make her happy – kill some young child.
Remember if you dont do as we say you
will surely die a premature death.

Your brothers & sisters
Craig darling

Craig Glassman the cruelest wickedest man
on earth.
cruel Glassman, cruel Glassman,
mean, terrible, cruel, hateful Craig Glassman,
Die Craig Die

his side. Come join him in death little ones.

Master Glassman, you are a man with power (the power of darkness). You are hereby ordered to onleash your terror upon the people. "Destroy all good and ruin people's lives. Begin immediately!"

Mighty Craig, where is your weapon. If you don't obey these commands, the commands of your father then you will be punished. I swear, Glassman, your life will be pure Hell.

We will kill you. We will murder you. Remember, Craig, that your mother, the harlot, the lesbian whore wants to love you so make her happy - kill some young child. Remember if you don't do as we say you will surely die a premature death.

Your brothers & sisters
Craig darling
Craig Glassman, the cruelest wickedest man on earth.
Cruel Glassman, cruel Glassman, mean, terrible, cruel, hateful Craig Glassman,
Die, Craig, Die

The handwriting, despite its eccentric punctuation, was easy enough to read; and the sentences, on the white unlined paper, slanted down and slightly to the right. This letter, Craig felt uneasily, was either the work of some nut, or of someone pretending to be crazy. The ambiguity of the message made the meaning unfathomable to Craig, except for the direct threats. Apparently, the letter writer wanted Craig to go out and kill some children, and if he didn't he would be killed. But if Craig had been chosen to die anyway, as the letter also indicated, the orders made no sense whatsoever.

Craig got up from the table, put the chain lock on the front door, and then sat down to re-read the letter.

It was a cinch that Bruce Newbrook hadn't written this letter, as he had thought at first. Craig knew Bruce's handwriting, and besides, Bruce would never be able to write a letter as crazy as this one. This was not a funny letter.

There were people in the world who didn't like Craig, although Craig couldn't think of anyone in particular at the moment. Craig had been called "Pig" a few times, when he had been in uniform, and he had come down pretty hard on a couple of guys in his squad in the emergency force, but he still couldn't think of anyone who could muster up the vitriolic hatred that was condensed into this ugly letter.

This guy—or woman—actually wanted to murder him! To kill someone, there had to be a reason, and Craig had never done anything awful enough to anyone to be killed for it. He didn't even give speeding tickets. He gave speeders his standard ten-minute lecture on traffic safety, and let them go with a warning. Not only did Craig not want to go to court, which would interfere with his school schedule, he honestly believed that his earnest ten-minute talk was effective. For impatient speeders, having to listen passively to the lecture was punishment enough, and much better than a fine.

The letter was irrational. Because of the "we," which might be an editorial "we," although Craig couldn't be sure, the letter could have been mailed by some dissident or radical group. The gratuitous and ugly remarks about his mother, who wasn't known to anyone else in Yonkers, except for Mac, looked like the work of some black radical group. Only blacks played "the dozens," making disparaging remarks about each others' mothers. But even that conclusion was too hasty to jump to, and decidedly unfair to blacks; because anyone at all, knowing about "the dozens," could make those nasty comments with the idea that the letter could and probably would be blamed on a black man.

But it was all idle speculation, and that was a waste of time. As a deputy sheriff, he had to report the letter, and then let the experts in the department handle the damned thing. Craig dialed the station.

When he reached his boss, John O'Brien, who was undersheriff on the Westchester Sheriff's Department, Craig told him that he had received a threatening letter.

"Read it to me," O'Brien said.

Craig read the letter.

Read aloud, the letter seemed even more bizarre, and Craig's voice faltered slightly as he read the short closing paragraphs over the phone.

"Is that all?" O'Brien asked. "No signature?"

"None. That's it. Oh, the return address on the envelope is screwy too. "Mother, The Cemetery, 174 Coligni Avenue, New Rochelle--'"

"Have you handled the letter?"

"Just the corners, although I handled the envelope, I guess. I didn't look at my mail until I came upstairs, you see."

"Okay. Take it to Tony Califano, in the I.D. Section, and have him check it out for prints."

Tony Califano, who had been in police work for so many years he was completely unflappable, grinned when he read the letter.

"Somebody out there doesn't like you, Glassman," he said.

"It looks that way, but I don't know how to handle it at the moment."

"I wouldn't worry about it, if I were you." Califano shrugged. "Guys who write letters like this get their jollies by writing letters like this, that's all. A threatening letter is just that. A threat. They never follow up on their threats. The threats are usually

enough."

"Usually?"

"Usually, yeah. Incidentally, this is a letter from a man, not a woman, in case you're interested. I know enough about handwriting to tell you that much."

"I didn't really think it was from a woman."

Tony dusted and checked the letter for prints, but except for Glassman's there were no others. The envelope was so smudged Tony couldn't get a clear print.

"Anybody you know got a grudge against you?" Califano asked.

"I can't think of anybody. I only moved into my new place a month ago, and hardly anybody knows my new address. My wife and I are in the process of getting a divorce, and I haven't felt up to writing any of my friends and telling them about it."

"Well, try not to let it bother you. And if you get another letter, bring it over to the lab without opening it, although it looks like this guy wrote this one with gloves on."

Craig told John O'Brien about the negative report on the prints.

"It might just be a fluke," O'Brien said, in his deep, gravelly voice. "Somebody who's pissed off about something or other and letting off steam. I don't think there's any need for an investigation at this time.

For the time being, we'll just let it ride."

Craig was disappointed by the undersheriff's decision, but there didn't seem to be anything concrete to start an investigation with anyway. There were more than eight million people in this section of New York who could have mailed a letter from New Rochelle, and the percentage of nuts among eight million people was incalculable.

Craig no longer felt safe and secure in his apartment. Whoever it was who sent the letter knew where he lived.

At night, before he went to bed, Craig put the card table, with one of the folding chairs on top of it, in front of the locked fire escape window. He leaned the other folding chair against the front door. He slept with his .38 pistol under his pillow, and carried the weapon on the front seat of his car when he went to the hospital. The only time he didn't carry the pistol on his person was while he was doing his intern work at St. John's Hospital. There was safety there, he felt, in sheer numbers. He felt vulnerable while driving, and checked frequently to see if he was being followed.

It was all right for O'Brien and Califano to be blasé about the damned letter, but the letter had been addressed to Glassman, not to them.

A threatening letter is a threatening letter, and not knowing who had sent it somehow made it worse. But he didn't have a clue—not a clue.

At least he wasn't lonely any longer.

A good enemy was as much company as a good friend.

APRIL 18, 1977

.44-CAL. SLAYER KILLS GIRL, BEAU

Gun Linked to 3 Other Deaths

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

APRIL 18, 1977

Woman-hating killer claims 5th victim

NEW YORK (AP) — A young man who was wounded when his date was shot to death in a parked car in the Bronx has died, the latest victim of a killer who uses a .44-caliber revolver and who picks female victims with shoulder-length brown hair.

Alexander Esau, 20, a tow truck operator, died about 10 p.m. Sunday night at Jacobi Hospital.

Esau and coed Valentine Surlani, 18, were shot early Sunday morning as they sat in a parked car in the Baychester section of the Bronx after returning from a date.

Police said ballistics tests indicate the weapon was a big, heavy .44- caliber revolver similar to the ones used by cowboys in the Wild West, was the same one used in three other slayings.

Police also said they found a note near the scene of the shooting, but refused to discuss its contents.

The latest shooting, in front of 1878 Hutchinson River Parkway was only two blocks from the ambush-killing of another woman last July, Donna Lauria, 18, was shot to death while sitting in a parked car. A female friend Jody Valenti,19, was wounded in the thigh.

Police said the gun used in the two Bronx shootings was also used to kill Christine Freund, 26, and wound her date as they sat in a parked car in the Forest Hills section of Queens on Jan. 30.

Virginia Voskerichian, 19, was killed last month on a Forest Hills street while walking home from the subway. That shooting was only a block away from the Freund killing.

Police said the gun was also used in a shooting in the Floral Park section of Queens last November in which Joann Lomino, 18, was crippled by a bullet in the spine and Donna DiMasi, 17, was shot in the neck.

Homicide detectives from Queens have been called in to help probe the Bronx shootings. About 30 detectives are now working full-time on the shootings, according to Chief of Detectives John Keenan.

"There did not seem to be a sensible motivation for these shootings," Keenan said. "It seems to be the work of a psychologically disturbed person."

Detectives say slayings such as these are tough to crack because the killer usually does not leave hard evidence and a motive is hard to establish because the killer does not act for conventional reasons.

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APRIL 19, 1977

Fear Lives There Now

Killer Stuns a Neighborhood

By RICHARD MESEROLE
and OWEN MORITZ

Across from the secluded murder site where Valentina Suriani and her boy friend had been fatally shot, neighbors sat on hard benches in groups of twos and threes yesterday and said this latest tragedy in Pelham Bay had changed everything.

"They're all worried about their teenage daughters now," a middle aged woman said.

As she spoke, her eyes were fixed on the site that had come to be something of an urban lovers' lane—a quiet, tree-covered spot separated by a high fence from the traffic-filled Hutchinson River Parkway. Here at 3 a.m. Sunday, Valentina and her 20-year-old boy friend, Alexander Esau, were shot by a man police describe as a psychopathic killer.

"We can't go on living like this," said Mrs. Esther Frangione, who sat nearby. "If I open the blinds at night now, I don't see a soul walking on the street."

Parking In Cars Forbidden

Andrew Ippolito, 19, who lived in Valentina's apartment building at 1950 Hutchinson River Parkway, said parents had passed the word in the last 24 hours: No more parking in cars.

"They tell us to meet inside," he said.

Another teenager, Bob Licata, 17, of Pilgrim Ave., pointed to a row of handsome, two-family houses on Mulford Ave. which backs onto Valentina's building. On this day of golden sunshine, not a soul was seen.

"On a day like this, you see them, people, usually sitting on stoops," he said.

The Pelham Bay Park section is in an enclave, principally an Italo-American neighborhood, surrounded by the Hutchinson Parkway and Pelham Parkway.

It is considered tightly knit, where people know one another, but Valentina, said one friend, was regarded as friendly, but remote, because she tended to hang around with friends she had made before she moved here five years ago.

"She had very bad eyes," said Ippolito, "People thought she was stuck up, but really she didn't see them."

The picture drawn yesterday of Valentina, 18, was that of a mature teenager who had dated the same boy for three years. They had talked at times of marriage. But friends said she was intent on an acting career.

"I'm really scared," said 17-year-old Cindy Ilia, whose black hair was in curlers and partially covered by a kerchief. "All my friends are afraid to go out."

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APRIL 19, 1977

"I'll Do It Again" Killer Tells Cops

Note Left in Death Auto Provides 1st Solid Clue

By WILLIAM JERICI and PAUL MESKIL

A handwritten note taunting the police and warning that "I'll do it again," was left by the psychopathic .44-caliber killer in the car while he murdered his latest victims, The News learned yesterday.

The note, which could provide the first solid clue to the killer's identity, was in an envelope addressed to Capt. Joseph Borrelli, commander of the Queens homicide squad.

It was found on the front seat of the auto in which Valentina Suriani, 18, and her boyfriend, Alexander Esau, 20, were fatally wounded early Sunday, a block from the girl's Bronx home.

The couple had parked in front of 1878 Hutchinson River Parkway. The killer apparently leaped in front of the 1969 maroon Mercury Montego and, without warning, fired four shots through the window, hitting Miss Suriani once in the head and Esau three times in the head. Then the gunman tossed his previously prepared letter through the car window.

Detectives said yesterday that ballistics tests indicated that the .44-caliber bullet used to shoot the couple had come from the same old-fashioned Western style gun that killed three young women and wounded four others in Forest Hills and Floral Park Queens and in the Bronx.

"A Real Sicko"

Although police brass and homicide officers declined to discuss the note's contents, another official source said the confirmed suspicions that the killer is a homicidal maniac. He said it was written by a "real sicko" who was "taunting the police and daring them to catch him."

In writing it, the source said, the killer "came close to giving clues, but in a rambling, almost incomprehensible style." He said that the note indicated that the killer lives in a nightmare world where he sees blood-sucking vampires and Frankenstein monsters."

The note indicated that the killer had been reading newspaper accounts of the murders and had been following the investigations very carefully. "He indicated his belief that homicide officers don't know what they're doing," the source said.

He also expressed the belief that the killer probably is "an ugly man who has trouble with girls" and had probably been rejected by a young woman with long brown hair.

All his female victims have had shoulder-length brown hair.

Detective Chief John Keenan said there was "nothing in the letter to indicate any reason for these killings." He refused to say anything more about the note because "this letter could prove to be a very important piece of evidence after we've captured this madman."

Another source said that the handprinted message proved that the writer had "definite knowledge of the previous killings" attributed to the .44-caliber gunman. This source said that the note mentioned certain information that had not been made public and is "only known to the killer and the police."

The note was taken to the Police Department's crime lab for study and analysis for fingerprint and handwriting experts.

Several hundred .44-caliber Western revolvers registered in New York State have been checked by detectives. Nearly all the legitimate owners have been interviewed and their weapons have been examined by ballistics experts.

Detectives are canvassing all gun shops in the metropolitan area and sporting goods stores where ammunition is sold. They are trying to determine all the local outlets for the bullets that could fit the killer's gun. These bullets are not available in most gun and ammo shops.

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Chapter Seven

ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 17, 1977, A MONTH AFTER GLASSMAN MOVED INTO THE APARTMENT HOUSE ON PINE STREET, DAVID, UNDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM SAM CARR, RELAYED TO HIM BY HARVEY, SHOT ALEXANDER ESAU AND VALENTINA SURIANI TO DEATH IN THE BRONX.

Alexander was nineteen; Valentina was eighteen. They were engaged to be married and were sitting in Alexander's car when David shot them. Valentina, shot in the head, died immediately, but Alexander, who was also wounded in the head, underwent surgery and didn't die until eighteen hours later. These two were the fourth and fifth fatalities by David's hand. All of these deaths had been ordered either directly or indirectly by Harvey.

David did not know any of his victims personally; he merely looked for and discovered the signs that led him to the right victims.

He had already shot and killed Donna Lauria, eighteen; Christine Freund, twenty-six; and Virginia Voskerichian, nineteen. He had also shot, but failed to kill, Jody Valente, nineteen; Donna Demassi, sixteen; Joanne Lomino, eighteen; and Carl Denaro, twenty. The shooting of Carl Denaro had been a miscalculation on David's part. Carl had long, shoulder length hair, and had been sitting on the passenger side of the car, but it had been dark in the parking lot, so David did not feel that it was altogether his fault.

In each shooting incident, David had been guided to the right victims by a neighborhood dog on the block. These dogs were all controlled by radio brain waves coming from Harvey in Yonkers. The dogs that had indicated the victims in each case had been of different breeds, but all of the dogs had had their orders from Harvey. David could tell by the way they barked. There was a kind of underlying whine mixed in with the barking in each case, and David had certainly listened to Harvey's voice enough times under his window to recognize the sound when he heard it.

When David shot Virginia Voskerichian, however, he had wondered, for the first time, if he had shot the right person.

In the earlier shootings, after running back to his car, he had been able to get-off immediately. The moment he pulled the trigger the first time he got an erection, and by the time he had emptied his five rounds into the victims and made it back to his Galaxie in a dead run, all he had to was jerk on his cock two or three times as he fumbled with his keys in the ignition and he would come just as the engine turned over.

They were all good orgasms, too: Long-lasting, and painful; burning, searing sensations like a red-hot wire thrust inside his penis.

Any man would kill for an orgasm like that. Sam knew it, and made David do it, so there was no doubt in David's mind that he, like Harvey, was truly a Son of Sam.

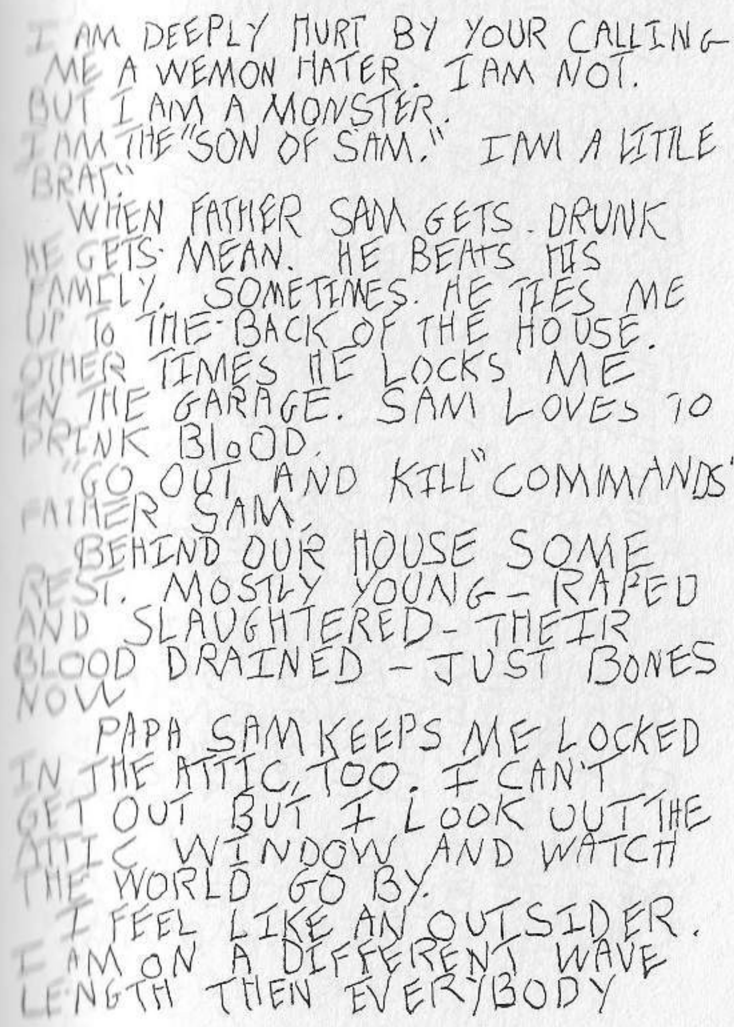
But with Virginia; nothing. He had had no physical reaction whatsoever; he might just as well have shot some holes in a tin can. She went right down, in a sprawl of arms, legs, scattered books, and plaid scarf. He had waited a second before he ran from the scene, but he had had no physical reaction to her death.

She had been alone (on her way home from her college classes, the newspapers said), and that had probably been the problem. The idea was to kill, or at least to shoot, a couple—two women, two men, a man and a woman—and cheat them out of *their* upcoming orgasm. If he did this, and did it right, he would earn their orgasm for himself. That was undoubtedly the answer. If he had only waited a little longer, perhaps Virginia would have met someone, a boy—or a girl friend. He had been on the scene too early, that was it, although the sign had been unmistakeable. A small black dog had trotted past her, nodding its head and whining as it passed. So she was definitely the designated target. David had done what he had been ordered to do, but in her case there had been no compensation.

The next time, to make sure there would be no mistake, David would see to it that there was a *couple* involved, not a lone victim. If he failed to do it right, the shootings would be meaningless, a waste of his time and a waste of bullets.

All the same, having followed orders in the shooting of Virginia, David was resentful of Sam Carr. He felt cheated. He wrote Sam Carr another nasty letter. Then, while he was writing, he wrote a letter to his enemy, Captain Joseph Borelli, the Queens Homicide Chief, who had been telling lies about him in the newspapers. The letter, David thought, was a masterpiece and it would scare the hell out of the Chief.

> *I am deeply hurt by your calling me a wemon hater. I am not. But I am a monster.*



I AM DEEPLY HURT BY YOUR CALLING
ME A WEMON HATER. I AM NOT.
BUT I AM A MONSTER.
I AM THE "SON OF SAM." I AM A LITTLE
BRAT"

WHEN FATHER SAM GETS DRUNK
HE GETS MEAN. HE BEATS HIS
FAMILY. SOMETIMES HE TIES ME
UP TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE.
OTHER TIMES HE LOCKS ME
IN THE GARAGE. SAM LOVES TO
DRINK BLOOD.

"GO OUT AND KILL" COMMANDS
FATHER SAM.

BEHIND OUR HOUSE SOME
REST. MOSTLY YOUNG - RAPED
AND SLAUGHTERED - THEIR
BLOOD DRAINED - JUST BONES
NOW

PAPA SAM KEEPS ME LOCKED
IN THE ATTIC, TOO. I CAN'T
GET OUT BUT I LOOK OUT THE
ATTIC WINDOW AND WATCH
THE WORLD GO BY.

I FEEL LIKE AN OUTSIDER.
I AM ON A DIFFERENT WAVE
LENGTH THEN EVERYBODY

ELSE - PROGRAMMED TOO
KILL
HOWEVER TO STOP ME YOU
MUST KILL ME. ATTENTION
ALL POLICE: SHOOT ME FIRST-
SHOOT TO KILL OR ELSE.
KEEP OUT OF MY WAY OR
YOU WILL DIE!

PAPA SAM IS OLD NOW.
HE NEEDS SOME BLOOD TO
PRESERVE HIS YOUTH.
HE HAS HAD TOO MANY
HEART ATTACKS. TOO MANY
HEART ATTACKS. "UGH, ME
HOOT IT URTS SONNY BOY."

I MISS MY PRETTY
PRINCESS MOST OF ALL.
SHE'S RESTING IN
OUR LADIES HOUSE
BUT I'LL SHE HER SOON.

I AM THE "MONSTER" -
"BEELZEBUB" - THE
"CHUBBY BEHEMOUTH".

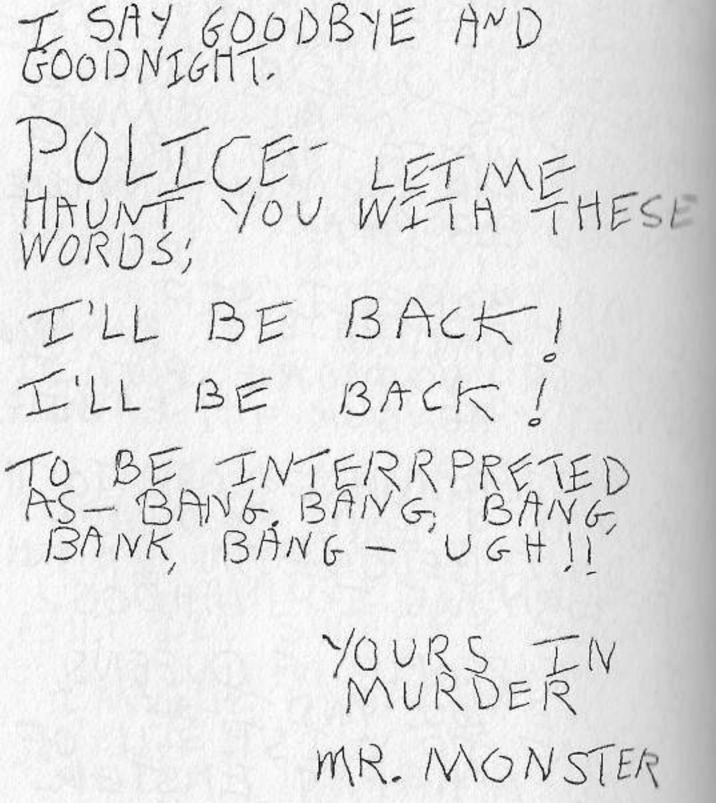
3.

I
I LOVE TO HUNT. PROWLING
THE STREETS LOOKING FOR
FAIR GAME - TASTY MEAT. THE
WEMON OF QUEENS ARE Z
PRETTYIST OF ALL. I MUST
BE THE WATER THEY DRINK.
I LIVE FOR THE HUNT - MY LIFE.
BLOOD FOR PAPA.

MR. BORELLI, SIR,
I DONT WANT TO KILL ANYMORE
NO SIR, NO MORE BUT I
MUST, "HONOUR THY FATHER."

I WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO THE
WORLD. I LOVE PEOPLE.
I DONT BELONG ON EARTH.
RETURN ME TO YAHOOS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF QUEENS,
I LOVE YOU. AND I ~~WA~~
WANT TO WISH ALL OF
YOU A HAPPY EASTER.
MAY GOD BLESS YOU
IN THIS LIFE AND IN
THE NEXT AND FOR NOW



I SAY GOODBYE AND
GOODNIGHT.

POLICE - LET ME
HAUNT YOU WITH THESE
WORDS;

I'LL BE BACK!
I'LL BE BACK!

TO BE INTERRPRETED
AS - BANG, BANG, BANG,
BANK, BANG - UGH!!

YOURS IN
MURDER
MR. MONSTER

I am the "Son of Sam." I am a little "Brat."

When father Sam gets drunk he gets mean. He beats his family. Sometimes he ties me up to the back of the house. Other times he locks me in the garage. Sam loves to drink blood.

"Go out and kill" commands father Sam.

Behind our house some rest. Mostly young - raped and slaughtered - their blood drained - just bones now.

Papa Sam keeps me locked in the attic, too. I can't get out but I look out the attic window and watch the world go by. I feel like an outsider. I am on a different wavelength then everybody else - programmed too kill.

However, to stop me you must kill me. Attention all police: shoot me first - shoot to kill or else. Keep out of my way or you will die!

Papa Sam is old now. He needs some blood to preserve his youth. He has had too many heart attacks. Too many heart attacks. "Ugh, me heart hurts sonny boy."

I miss my pretty princess most of all.

She's resting in our ladies house but I'll she her soon.

I am the "Monster" - "Beelzebub" - The "Chubby Behemouth."

I love to hunt. Prowling the streets looking for fair game - tasty meat. The wemon of Queens are the prettyist of all. I must be the water they drink. I live for the hunt - my life. Blood for Papa.

Mr. Borelli, sir, I don't want to kill anymore no sir, no more, but I must "honor thy father."

I want to make love to the world. I love people. I don't belong on earth. Return me to yahoos.

To the people of Queens, I love you. And I want to wish all of you a Happy Easter. May God bless you in this life and in the next and for now I say goodbye and goodnight.

POLICE - let me haunt you with these words;

I'll be back!

I'll be back!

To be interpreted as - Bang, bang, bang, bank, bang - Ugh!!

Yours in murder

Mr. Monster

After writing his letters, David took off his gloves and looked for awhile at his manila folder of clippings. The folder was kept in meticulous, if not chronological, order. He always clipped the news stories from *The Herald Statesman* first. The photos in the *Herald* were always the best. He kept the stories from *The New York Post* in a separate section of the folder because he had a hateful relationship, of sorts, with this paper. The reporters lied about him in their stories.

Sometimes the stories in *The New York Daily News* were so far off base, he didn't even save the clippings. What puzzled David the most when he read and re-read the news accounts of the shootings was the anger expressed by everyone concerned. The people he shot were all nobodies, nobodies just like himself. There hadn't been a single important person in the lot; nor would any one of them, if any had lived, ever have amounted to much of anything either. And yet, the way their friends and relatives talked, and carried on, at least the way the newspapers *reported* they talked, anyone who didn't know any better would have thought that the loss of these nobodies was of great importance to the world. Not only were they non-entities, they were either foreigners or the children of foreigners. He could tell that by their un-American names.

They were also better off dead because

when people are killed unexpectedly, before they have a chance to repent their sins and accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior, they are immediately lifted straight to Heaven, there to have everlasting life. God is always fair, unlike the Devil, and it would be unfair for God to hold it against a person who had never had a chance to be born again, so God had made this provision: Immediate, or an unnatural death, and zoom, right on up to Heaven. No more worries, work, pain, nothing.

Zoom, straight to Heaven.

When he went to work at the Post Office, late that afternoon, David was calm, peaceful, and almost euphoric; and that night after work, he shot and killed Alexander Esau and Valentina Suriani in the Bronx.

David drove carefully through the night streets of Yonkers. Many years ago, Yonkers had been a railroad town, a safe suburb to bring a family, to raise children, a pleasant haven after a hectic day in Manhattan. Yonkers was still only forty-five minutes away from Times Square by subway, but a relentless, if slow, population shift since the early 1950s had brought blacks, Puerto Ricans, Haitians, and many West Indians into Yonkers from Harlem. The West Indians had used Van Cortlandt Park for years, on Sundays, to play their monotonous games of cricket, but they had gradually moved into Yonkers physically, and the huge park was now a part of their neighborhood. Crime had increased, and as a consequence,there were more police.

Every policeman in New York was after Berkowitz, and they were everywhere, in uniform, and out of uniform, in marked and unmarked cars. Not only did they want the reward for the .44 killer, they wanted the prestige and promotions that would accompany his capture. Captain Joseph Borelli, the Queens Homicide Chief, had told reporters, who had quoted him at length in the papers, that this was the biggest manhunt that had ever been launched in New York, and that the capture of the killer was imminent.

Police Captain Joseph Borelli was full of shit, David thought. There was no way that they could catch him if he was careful, and if he had to kill someone tonight, he wouldn't do it in Yonkers. No one knew that he lived in Yonkers, and no one suspected him.

So David had to be careful, especially when he was driving. He had his loaded .22 rifle in a duffel bag in the rear seat of his Galaxie, and his .44 caliber Bulldog Special in a large brown Manila envelope on the front seat beside him. David liked the feel of the pistol, and had shot all of his victims with the .44. It worked simply, efficiently, and it was impossible to jam. If he happened to get caught with it, however, he knew that it would all be over for him, but he was reluctant to throw it away. He intended to throw it away eventually, but not until he could get another one exactly like it. The .44 Bulldog Special was a hard pistol to find.

David had purchased the weapon from Luchessi, a guy he had known in the Army. Luchessi, since his discharge, bought and sold guns and ammo around and in Manhattan for a living now. Because they had known each other in the service—although they had never been friends—Luchessi had sold the gun to David for only $150. He had also thown in fifty rounds of ball ammo as a free bonus.

"This here gun," Luchessi told him, "is the best protection a man can get for his home. It was designed for the sky marshall program—you remember, when they had a marshall riding on all the planes to shoot skyjackers? Charter Arms designed it, and you know what a good reputation they've got for pistols?"

David had nodded, fondling the pistol.

"The idea, Berko, is to throw out a big slow bullet that'll knock a guy right on his ass if it hits him—anywhere it hits him. Hand, arm, anywhere. But if you miss, there ain't enough velocity to go on through the side of the plane and let out all that pressurized air. So in your home, in case you miss, you don't shoot through your wall and kill some poor innocent mojo in the next apartment."

"That makes a lot of sense."

"But it takes a man to shoot this gun, Berko. I'm leveling with you on that. The recoil is a mean fucker. If you was to shoot up all fifty of these rounds, your hand would swell up from the kick, you see. In other words, Berko, this ain't no target pistol. This here's a light gun for blowing people away. If you just want a gun for target practice, I can sell you a forty-five semi-automatic, or a nice thirty-eight revolver.

"No, no, I need a gun like this for protection."

"It's a five-shot, not a six-shooter."

"I know. I can count to five."

David had paid Luchessi cash for the .44 Bulldog, and another $600 in cash for a submachine gun. He had purchased his twelve-gauge shotguns at Sears, in White Plains, and he kept them both loaded with Double-O shot. If the police ever tried to break into his apartment some night, Captin Borelli and his gang of eager beaver cops, the submachine gun and the double-oughts would take out a lot of them before they ever got David.

David had learned the secret of carrying a large Manila envelope in the Army. It didn't matter whether the envelope was full or empty, if a man wanted to goof-off during duty hours on post, all he had to do was walk fast and carry a big brown envelope in his left hand. His right hand was free to salute officers, and an officer would never stop and ask a man where he was going or what he was doing if he had an envelope. They always figured you were on military business, carrying papers or an important message. They never suspected that a guy was only on his way to the P.X. for a milkshake, or going to the matinee at the post theater. The envelope worked with the pistol, too. David had carried the pistol inside the envelope into drugstores, cafes, supermarkets, walking down the street, and on the front seat of his car ever since he bought the weapon, and no one had ever stopped or questioned him yet.

At two a.m., David left Mount Vernon and took Lincoln Avenue into downtown New Rochelle. He was hungry, and so far, he had seen no signs at all. He was alert for any signs, symbols, or sounds. The quiet streets of New Rochelle were unusually deserted, or so it seemed to David. Perhaps it was true, as the papers said, that people were staying home at nights now, that women were cutting their hair short and staying home. The papers claimed that he, the .44 killer, only shot women with long brown hair, but that was a crock. David had never noticed the length or the color of the hair of his victims; he merely followed the instructions he received, as he got them, and he was certain that Sam didn't give a shit whether a woman's hair was long or short. The main thing was to

shoot the woman first, and then if he got her male companion while he was at it, that was all right, too.

David stopped at a Dunkin' Donuts in New Rochelle and ordered two shredded coconut donuts and a cup of hot chocolate. He put the heavy envelope on the counter, and when the countergirl brought the donuts she slid the envelope to one side without lifting it. Her hair, he noticed, had been put up on top of her head, and skewered there with a brown, plastic Spanish comb. Maybe there was something to it, after all? If they weren't cutting it short, they were putting it up. It was something to think about, but what he would really like would be to catch two queers right in the act and give it to them both. That was the most abominable sin in the eyes of the Lord, but whether he shot any gays or not would, of course, depend on Sam.

David felt a lot better after the chocolate and donuts, and drove to the Bronx, taking his time along the Boston Post Road. He passed the corner where he had shot and killed Donna Lauria and only wounded Jody Valente.

Everybody seemed to be asleep in the quiet neighborhood. The curbs were jammed with cars, and there were no parking places. About two blocks further along, on the service road of the Hutchinson River Parkway, David saw the flare of a match inside a parked car—a dark red Mercury. At the next corner, David double-parked, slid across the passenger seat to the curb, and started back along the sidewalk. There wasn't a dog in sight, nor did he hear any barking. This was an apartment house neighborhood, and it was much too early in the morning for anyone to be out walking a dog. On the ground, however, in a perfect X, was a cross of dog shit. The sign he was looking for, all right, although it was unexpected.

David took the pistol out of the envelope, and gripped it with his right hand, still holding the envelope in his left. When he reached the Mercury, David stepped in front of the car, leaned as far over the hood as he could, and shot through the windshield, first on the passenger side, and then on the driver's side. With his right arm extended, the pistol wasn't more than a foot or so away from the windshield. The glass shattered, and he emptied all five rounds. David never shot with both hands, like a cop, the way the wounded victims had reported, but always shot with his right hand only, gripping the pistol hard, and relishing the roughness of the recoil. He put the empty pistol into his trousers pocket, and withdrew the envelope addressed to Captain Borelli, Queens Homicide Squad, out of his inside jacket pocket. He tossed the envelope through the now open windshield, and then ran as fast as he could back to his Galaxie. He drove carefully, getting back to the Boston Post Road, and didn't pass a police car, which was heading toward the scene of the shooting, until he was almost eight blocks away.

There was no physical reaction.

Perhaps he had misread the sign?

No physical reaction; no reward.

David couldn't understand it.

First, the girl, Virginia, and now a couple, and still no reward. What had he done wrong? When he followed Master's orders, he was supposed to get paid! Glassman! Craig Glassman was his new Master; that was the problem, and David, by taking his orders from Harvey, instead of from Glassman, was being taught a lesson by his new Master.

Cruel, cruel Craig Glassman.

He would have to get rid of Craig, scare him away. The first letter hadn't done it, but more might, and if that didn't work, he would do something else.

When he got home, David wrote on the wall next to the door, in script, with a pencil:

GOD SAVE US
FROM
CRAIG GLASSMAN

Chapter Eight

A DREAM IS ONLY THAT, CRAIG THOUGHT, A DREAM, AND PERHAPS A MAN SHOULDN'T MAKE TOO MUCH OF IT. But after having precisely the same dream for three nights in a row, Craig began to wonder about it anyway, to wonder whether the dream had any serious significance or whether it was merely a subconscious reaction to the mysterious, threatening letter.

The dream always began the same way, and it was in vivid colors. Craig and Mac had rented a cabana for the day at Crandon Park, on Key Biscayne, in Miami. He had taken the webbed lounge chair out of the cabana and was stretched out supinely, face to the subtropical sun, with his hands clasped behind his head. The moist summer air was redolent with salt and seaweed from the bay, and Craig's stomach was filled comfortably with Colonel Sanders' crispy fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, and cole slaw, washed down with two eight-ounce paper cups of icy Tab. Mac had picnicked with him, of course, but then she had wandered off by herself to visit the zoo, leaving Craig at the cabaña for an afternoon nap. He was wearing his faded, almost threadbare, maroon swimming trunks, the pair with the Red Cross Lifesaving patch sewn on the right leg with white cross-stitches. His mother had sewn on the patch.

His eyes were closed, and the sun was hot, very hot, on his body. He had greased himself with Johnson's Baby Oil, adding a dollop of iodine to the bottle, to enhance his deep Florida tan, and he knew he wouldn't get sunburned. He could hear the wind rattle the dry fronds of the royal palms behind the row of cabañas, and the shouts of joy and mock rage that came from a teenaged group of volleyball players about a hundred yards away. Craig was at peace with himself and with the world, sleepy but not tired, and warm internally and externally with a sense of lazy well-being. He was happy, and he knew that he was happy.

With his eyelids closed he could sense redness beyond them rather than seeing redness, when all at once the redness turned to blackness. He opened his eyes and saw that a small black cloud had passed in front of the sun. It didn't look like a rain cloud, but even if the cloud did happen to have some rain in it, Craig decided that it was moving fast enough to drop its rain somewhere else and not on him. There were no other clouds in the azure sky. This small, black cloud grew larger, and then larger, which puzzled Craig for a moment, and then he realized that the cloud wasn't really getting any bigger, it was descending instead of moving horizontally, and as it came down, inky black now, the darkness made a pool all along the wide gray beach. Soon, the cloud was hovering directly over Craig's head, and as Craig started to sit up in alarm, two huge black talons, the claws tipped with fire, leaped out of the inky cloud and reached for his throat...

At this point, Craig awakened. He turned on the standing lamp beside the head of his bed. He could never recall whether he yelled when the claws reached for him or not, but he probably had. It was a damned frightening dream, especially the sharp contrast between peacefulness and sudden terror. There was a film of perspiration on his face, and his chest hair was matted. When he swung his feet to the floor to sit on the edge of the bed, cold perspiration trickled down his sides from his wet armpits.

While he was married, Craig had worn pajamas, but now, like most bachelors, he slept in his underwear to save money on laundry bills. He rarely had any trouble getting to sleep. He put in long days at the hospital, and several evenings each week at the Sheriff's station. So when he went to bed he was usually tired enough to drop off almost immediately. But after falling asleep easily enough, the dream would wake him two or three hours later; and waking in the middle of the night that way, Craig knew from his psychology texts, was a sign of depression, coupled with anxiety.

However, after waking from the dream, and eating a peanut butter sandwich, and after taking a long hot shower, Craig would go to sleep again and dream no more.

The dream was strange. After thinking about it, Craig came to the conclusion that it had something or other to do with Mac wandering off to the zoo and leaving him alone (she was leaving him for the world away from him—the world was a zoo); and the black descending cloud was probably the upcoming divorce. The fiery claws, of course, had to be the greedy grasp of their lawyer, who was charging Craig and Mac almost twice as much as they had estimated when they had first discussed the divorce.

When Craig received the second letter, the weird dream did not come back again, and he gradually forgot about it. Months later, when he remembered the dream, it had altogether different

connotations.

The envelope was longer than the first one, but Craig recognized the same squiggly handwriting the moment he took the letter out of his mailbox. The return address, in blue ink, read:

Bro. Demesmutz
Command Post 316
Gibor Merritt Aves
Bronx 10475

Without opening the letter, and without going upstairs to his apartment, Craig drove to the Valhalla sheriff's office. Tony Califano, in the I.D. Section, opened the envelope carefully and then checked the letter for prints.

Tony shook his head.

"Nothing. Either this guy is smart, or he's one of those guys who writes letters as an avocation and has been getting away with it for a long time."

"But why me?" Craig said. "Brother Demesmutz. That means, loosely, 'Brother Little Shit.'"

Tony laughed. "Honest? Is that what it means?"

"Yeah. 'Smutz' actually means 'dirt' or 'smut,' but idiomatically it means 'shit.'"

Together, they read the letter.

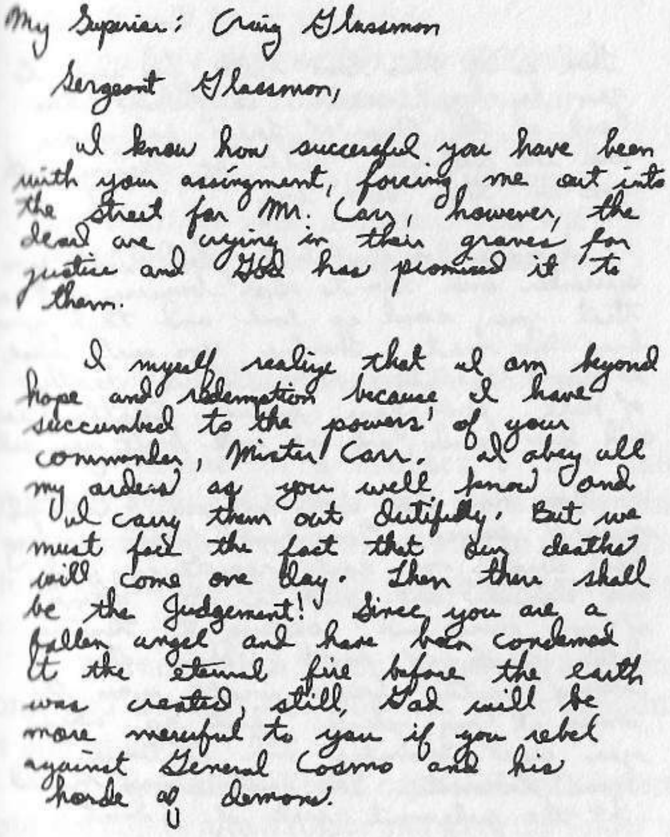
My Superior: Craig Glassman
Sergeont Glassman,

I know how successful you have been with your assignment, forcing me into the street for Mr. Carr, however, the dead are crying in their graves for justice and God has promised it to them.

I myself realize that I am beyond hope and retribution because I have succumbed to the powers of your commander, Mr. Carr. I obey all my orders as you well know, and must face the fact that our deaths will come one day. Then there shall be the judgement. Since you are a fallen angel and have been condemned to the eternal fire before the earth was created, still, God will be more merciful to you if you rebel against General Cosmo and his horde of demons.

There is at this time little for you to gain by loyal service. I believe the end of the 'Reign of Terror' is near and the authorities will be dealing with you in their own way.

I guess I'm foolish to plead with you to surrender and turn to God because I know your soul is evil and you have no heart. Therefore you will have to spend eternity in the lowest depths of Hell.

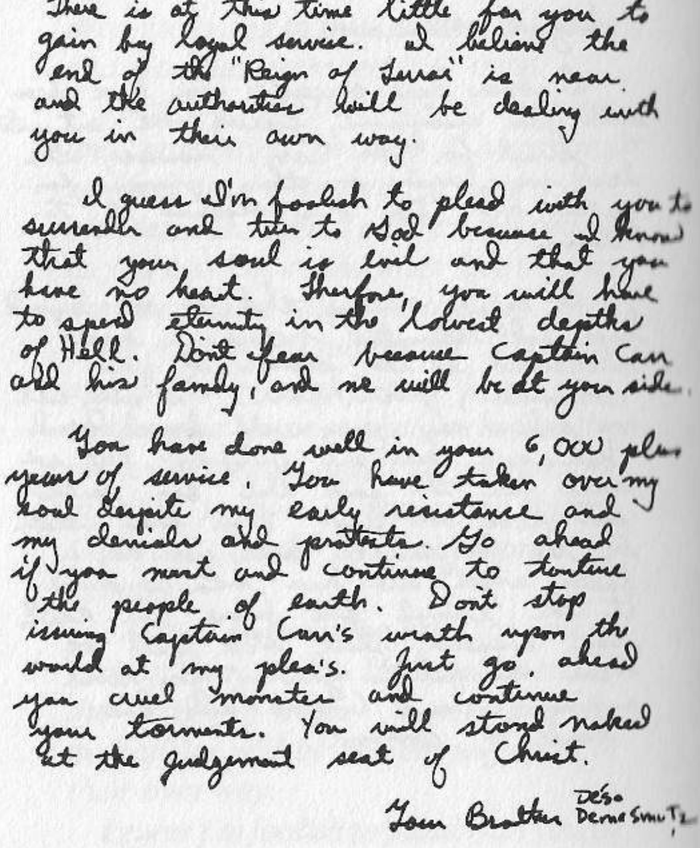


My Superior: Craig Glassman

Sergeant Glassman,

I know how succesful you have been with your assingment, forcing me out into the street for Mr. Carr, however, the dead are crying in their graves for justice and God has promised it to them.

I myself realize that I am beyond hope and redemption because I have succumbed to the powers' of your commander, Mister Carr. I obey all my orders as you well know and I carry them out dutifully. But we must face the fact that our deaths will come one day. Then there shall be the Judgement! Since you are a fallen angel and have been condemned to the eternal fire before the earth was created, still, God will be more merciful to you if you rebel against General Cosmo and his horde of demons.



There is at this time little for you to gain by loyal service. I believe the end of the "Reign of Terror" is near and the authorities will be dealing with you in their own way.

I guess I'm foolish to plead with you to surrender and turn to God because I know that your soul is evil and that you have no heart. Therefore, you will have to spend eternity in the lowest depths of Hell. Don't fear because Captain Carr and his family, and we will be at your side.

You have done well in your 6,000 plus years of service. You have taken over my soul despite my early resistance and my denials and protests. Go ahead if you want and continue to torture the people of earth. Don't stop issuing Captain Carr's wrath upon the world at my plea's. Just go ahead you cruel monster and continue your torments. You will stand naked at the judgement seat of Christ.

Your Brother DÉSO DEMESMUTZ

Don't fear because Captain Carr and his family will be at your side.

You have done well in your 6000 plus years of service. You have taken over my soul despite my early resistance and my denials of protest. Go ahead if you must and continue your torments. You will stand naked at the Judgement seat of Christ.

Deso
Your Brother Demesmutz

"Instead of a brother," Tony said thoughtfully, "this guy sounds more like a son writing to a wayward father. I don't know what to make of it, but it looks like you've become somebody's surrogate father."

Craig smiled. "I don't remember adopting anyone, and whoever this clown is, I sure wouldn't want him as a son."

Tony made Xerox copies of both letters. He put the copies into a folder and gave the folder to Craig.

"I'll run an analysis on the paper of the originals, but it won't do much good," Tony said. "You can get paper like this at any Macy's or Sears. But you'd better show the new letter to Under Sheriff O'Brien."

This time, after O'Brien read the second letter and re-read the first letter, he was not as sanguine as he had been the first time Craig had contacted him.

"This may be an internal matter, Glassman. I've been in a position of authority for a good many years, and one of the things I've learned is that very fact, the fact that you *are* the authority, can gain you some enemies. If you give orders, somebody has to take and follow those orders, and it doesn't make any difference how fair you are, somebody who takes those orders will resent you for giving them."

"I don't quite understand--"

"It's simple enough. As a corporal, you have a squad. You hand out assignments, and I suppose you're fair enough--"

"I keep a roster, and they take turns--"

"Nevertheless, Glassman, someone in your squad might feel that you've been handing him the shitty end of the stick. Now I doubt very much that any deputy in your squad—or on the Emergency Force—would write a letter like this one, but we're going to start an investigation. And your squad is a place to start. We'll get a handwriting check on your men, and if we eliminate them, which I figure we will, we can start looking elsewhere."

O'Brien sent for Sal D'Iorio, who was chief of criminal investigations for the department, and asked him to read the letters.

"We're dealing with a sick person," D'Iorio said. "I'm opening a case on this right now, and I'll assign a special investigator to it."

D'Iorio also agreed with O'Brien that it was a good idea to check the handwriting of the members of Craig's squad.

This idea, as it turned out, was not popular with the squad. Although most of the men realized that the elimination of suspects is an important aspect of any police investigation, two members of Craig's squad, Schwartz and Pennekamp, resented the handwriting check.

Two nights later, when Craig was drinking a cup of cocoa in the cafe next to the station, they approached his table. They did not sit down, but loomed above him, the two of them, in their uniforms and harness, weighing close to 450 pounds. They glared down at Craig.

"What you are, Glassman," Schwartz said, "is a grandstander. You're trying to make yourself look important at our expense."

"Yeah," Pennekamp added, "and we don't appreciate it, either."

"If this investigation ever hurts my record, in any way," Schwartz said, "it's gonna be your ass."

"That goes double for me," Pennekamp said.

"Why don't you people grow up, for

Christ's sake?" Craig said. "Your attitude is childish and unprofessional. So fuck both of you! And any time you don't like the way I run the squad, one at a time, or both of you at once, let me know, and we'll go outside and settle it!"

The two men turned away and left the cafe. From that moment on, neither Schwartz nor Pennekamp, except in line of duty, ever spoke to Craig again.

The handwriting check had, as Craig expected, eliminated every member of the squad. None of them had handwriting that even remotely resembled the handwriting on the letters, so Craig was astonished by the angry reaction of the two volunteer deputies. It merely proved what O'Brien had told him: he was resented because he had some authority over them; that, and perhaps their basic sense of insecurity. Running his squad would be more difficult now; he could see that. Craig would have to lean over backward to make sure that neither Schwartz nor Pennekamp were ever given any assignment that might seem unfair to them.

But Craig's major worry was still himself. He was pleased that a formal investigation was underway, whether his squad liked it or not. He continued to sleep with his weapon under his pillow, and with extra ammunition in a quick-loader on the chair beside his bed. He also continued to block

his window and door at night with the folding chairs before he went to sleep.

Craig was an expert with a pistol, and didn't mind the lump under his pillow. When he saved some additional money, he planned to buy a new Colt automatic .45, even though it wasn't as accurate as his .38. He liked the idea of the extra fire power. He had purchased the .38 Police Special at the Edelman's in Farmingdale, and almost bought a .44 Bulldog Special at the same time. The Cuban salesman had made a good pitch, telling Craig that if he bought both weapons he would sell him the .44 for only $150. Later on, when Craig had written to Charter Arms for a brochure on the pistol, he learned that the recommended price was only $145. But somehow, Craig had taken an immediate dislike to the .44 Bulldog. There was nothing specific he could find wrong with it, but he had had a dark premonition that this was not the weapon for him. He did wish, however, that he had a .45 automatic to back up his .38 Police Special.

Unable to sleep throughout the night, and staying up to get a handle on his histology textbook, Craig would sometimes hear the tenant above him walking around and around in the apartment.

Craig wondered sometimes about the guy upstairs, and what it was that kept him awake night after night. If Craig had been back in Miami were people were friendly, he would have knocked on the guy's door, and invited him to come down for coffee, or maybe to just talk. But you couldn't do things like that in New York. In New York people were too suspicious of friendly overtures.

Decoy Couples Bait the .44 Killer

By CASS VANZI

Decoy police teams in unmarked cars—each with a man and woman in the front seat—have been positioned in the Baychester section of the Bronx and in Forest Hills, Queens, in the hunt for the .44-caliber killer who claimed his fourth and fifth victims Sunday.

The teams, according to sources within the investigation, are part of a task force of detectives with "special talent" from all over the city. In other moves, psychologists have been contacted and a nationwide request has been issued for information on anyone using a heavy weapon to commit a crime.

Every tidbit of information garnered from canvassing neighborhoods or leafing through old cases or tips from callers is being investigated — anything that could lead to the identity of the killer.

"And yet," said one detective, "we may get him because a young patrolman, sipping his coffee, hears shots and moves in. But we have to check everything."

Capt. Joseph Borrelli of the Queens detective area said 16 men under his command, are investigating the slaying in the Bronx about two dozen detectives are involved in the hunt for information and clues in the two-borough effort.

"It's been exhaustive. Hundreds and hundreds of interviews and we've come up with no cycle for the killings as yet," Borrelli said.

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30 Crack Detectives Comb City for 'Loner' As .44-Caliber Killer

By MARK FEDERICI,
NEAL HIRSCHFELD
and MARK ANDREWS

A special task force of 30 detectives, with few solid clues and no suspects yet, launched an all out effort yesterday to try to piece together some kind of psychological portrait for the .44-caliber killer who has murdered five people since last July.

According to interviews with various authorities working on the case, these are the parts of the picture that have emerged so far:

He is a young white man, "a loner," who has been rejected by a young woman, very likely one with shoulder-length dark hair.

He is an expert marksman who goes into a "military crouch" befores he fires at his victims with a heavy, old-fashioned, long-barreled .44-caliber pistol. He may have been discharged recently from military service.

May Be Psycho Patient

He either lives in the Bronx and works in Queens, or vice versa. He may be a psychiatric patient with leave privileges. He could be a patient at Bronx State Hospital.

He is a "real sicko" who "lives in a nightmare world where he sees blood sucking vampires and Frankenstein monsters." In a wild, rambling and incoherent note found at the scene of his last crime, he gloated over his killings, taunted the police and dared them to catch him.

He wants to get caught. He probably will not turn himself in but may eventually leave enough evidence behind for the cops to catch up with him.

"I'll Do It Again"

And he vowed in his note: "I'll do it again."

Police believe he is lovesick over a rejection by a girl with shoulder-length dark hair because most of his victims have been young women who fit that description. Three were with their boy friends and the killer may have been jealous of the men.

The killer has murdered four women and one man and has wounded four other persons in six separate shootings since last July 28. In four of the shootings, his victims were sitting in cars and he fired at them through a windshield or car window.

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JUNE 27, 1977

Son of Sam Wounds Couple

.44 Killer Fires Into Car Near Disco

By RICHARD EDMONDS
and PAUL MESKIL

The .44-caliber killer who calls himself Son of Sam struck again yesterday, wounding a 17-year-old girl and a 20-year-old man as they sat in a car near a crowded Queens discoteque. He then fled into the night undetected, as he has six other times in the past 11 months.

Detectives believe the killer may have followed the girl from her Bronx home, which is near the scenes of three of his five murders, and was waiting for her when she left the disco with her companion.

His latest victims are pretty, vivacious Judy Placido, who graduated Saturday from St. Catherine's Academy in the Bronx, and Sal Lupo, 20, a mechanic's helper from Maspeth, Queens. She was shot three times, in the right temple, neck and shoulder. He was hit in the right forearm and right leg, both wounds apparently caused by one bullet.

Both were listed in fair condition at Flushing Hospital, Queens.

The shootings occurred about 3:20 a.m. outside a private home at 45-39 211th St., Bayside.

A police officer at the Northern Blvd. station in Bayside said an unidentified man had phoned the station switchboard last week and had told the officer on duty: "This is Son of Sam. Next week I'm going to hit Bayside."

Police patrols were increased throughout the precinct, already plagued by a series of rapes and other violent crimes. But as one police supervisor pointed out, "We can't cover all the discos, night clubs and bars."

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

JUNE 27, 1977

.44-caliber killer strikes once again

NEW YORK (AP) — Almost 11 months after his first attack, the killer whose .44-caliber handgun has become his deadly trademark has attempted to murder again, as he promised he would.

A young man and woman, latest victims of the psychopath who calls himself "Son of Sam," were recovering today in Flushing Hospital after being gunned down by the killer who sprung from the darkness of a Queens street Sunday morning and fired four shots through the closed windows of they car in which they were sitting.

Judy Placido, 17, of the Bronx, was listed in critical but stable condition following surgery. She had been hit in the right shoulder, the back of the neck and the right temple.

Her companion, Sal Lupo, 20, of Queens, had a bullet wound of the forearm and glass shards in his left leg.

Son of Sam is now responsible for killing five persons and wounding six. Most of his victims have been young women with shoulder-length, dark hair, as are four of the dead. He usually strikes between midnight and 3 a.m. in the northeast Bronx and in Queens.

Lupo said he did not get a look at the gunman, but police said neighborhood residents gave a description generally matching previous ones.

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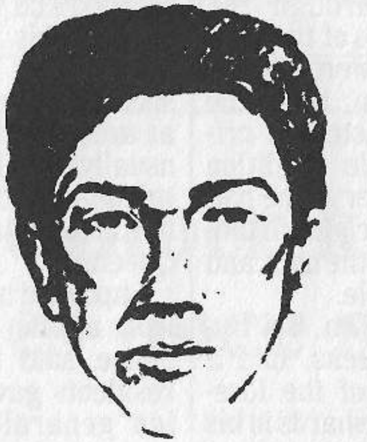

July, 1977

Further Police Composite
Drawing of Killer

Chapter Nine

DAVID REACHED INTO THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT OF HIS CAR FOR ANOTHER MARS BAR, SORRY NOW THAT HE HADN'T BOUGHT SEVEN MOUNDS BARS INSTEAD OF SEVEN MARS BARS. There were only three Mars bars left.

David had parked on Pine Street in his favorite parking spot, about seventy-five yards away from the apartment house. He preferred to park on the street at night because he feared the darkness of the garage beneath the building. He also disliked riding up in the elevator from the garage because he didn't like to ride with others who got on the elevator in the lobby.

But many neighborhood residents also liked to park on the street at night, and it wasn't always easy after midnight to find a spot. David's favorite space was usually available, however, because the curb and the sidewalk were broken at this point, and most drivers thought that it was a driveway.

David was waiting for Craig Glassman to come out of the building, with or without the sheepdog. If he could separate the two, one from the other, he was planning to take a shot at one of them with his .22 rifle. David did not think it made much difference, but if the one he shot—Craig or the dog—died, he had a good chance of breaking Craig's evil power over him. The devil's power was awesome, but there were times when Jesus was strong enough to help David fight back. If David couldn't kill either one of them, then he would just give in to the inevitable.

Praying no longer helped. And the deep voice that rumbled out of his kitchenette in answer to his prayers had told him that he must act and have faith. The voice from the kitchen sounded a lot like the voice of the Very Reverend David Moseley, but there was never anyone in the kitchen when David dashed in there to check.

When David had been converted to Christianity in that humid evangelical tent in Covington, Kentucky, he had assumed that his new life would be glorious. With tears streaming down his cheeks, David had gone forward to the altar to accept Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior with joy in his heart. He had been so happy when the Very Reverend David Moseley embraced him, washing him in the blood of the lamb, he thought that his thumping heart would burst from his body.

After the meeting, David hung around, wanting to talk privately to the Reverend Moseley. When the crew began to strike the big top, David sought out the Very Reverend Moseley in the latter's Winnebago. Moseley, a heavy, loose-limbed, middle-aged man, with agate-blue eyes, and a stiff blond-white crewcut, let David into the Winnebago, and asked how he could help him.

Moseley had removed his blue serge suit coat and was in his shirtsleeves, but he put the coat on again when he asked David to sit down at the little table. David was impressed by this courtesy, and he also admired the evangelist's necktie. The wide silk tie was beige, and there was a hand-painted picture of a horse's head on it.

"I know you're leaving for Harlan County tonight, Reverend," David began timidly, "because you said so at the end of the service. But I was embarrassed tonight because I only brought two dollars with me when I came. I put them both in the basket on the first offering, and didn't have any money left for the other offerings later on. The point is, sir, I've got ten dollars in my footlocker back at camp, and if you can delay leaving for about two hours—to give me time enough to take the bus out to camp and back—I'd like to go out and get it for you."

Moseley looked at David for almost a full minute, sucking his teeth all the while. He nodded his head.

"You're Jewish, aren't you, son?"

"I was, sir, but no more. After tonight, thanks to you, I'm a Born Again Christian."

"You are indeed," Moseley said solemnly. "And that's a Christian thing to do, to make such a sacrifice. But there's no need for you to take that long bus ride back and forth to your camp. We're going to be in Harlan for a week, maybe ten days. So in the morning, you just mail me the ten dollars. Here, I'll write down the forwarding address for you—the Post Office box we're using--"

Reverend Moseley wrote the address on the back of a pamphlet entitled *Why A Christian Should Not Marry Out of His Faith* and handed it to David.

"Thanks." David was more than a little awed by the holiness that emanated from the minister. "I . . . I . . . I'll mail it in the morning, first thing."

"Go with God, my boy." The minister touched David's kinky hair lightly, and then opened the door for him.

David had mailed the ten dollars the next morning. He also wrote letters and mailed ten dollars each payday for three months. But his letters weren't answered, and his last letter was returned to him as undeliverable. David never heard from the Reverend Moseley again, but he continued to attend other evangelical meetings every chance he got when he was stationed, later on, in Louisiana, before being sent to Korea. David learned a great deal about the powers of the devil at these various meeetings.

In some cases, Beelzebub, the Prince of Darkness, won, and in others, he lost. And even when you made every effort to put Satan behind you, the Master of Darkness would leap viciously onto your back and make you do his bidding. So in spite of his prayers to Jesus, David had still succumbed to the power of the Prince of Lies, and there didn't seem to be anything that he could do about it. Even though there was no way out, he could still fight, which would, at least, show Jesus that he was trying.

Craig Glassman, obviously, was more powerful than Sam Carr, but David didn't know, as yet, how powerful Craig's dog happened to be. A bullet would be the test. If he shot Glassman, the dog would then become Glassman. That was one way to tell. If he shot the dog, Glassman would then change into the dog, and perhaps he would be unable to become Craig Glassman again. It was an exciting thought. Of course, if the bullet didn't hurt either one of them, David would give up the fight entirely, and follow Glassman's evil orders just as faithfully as he had Captain Carr's and Harvey's.

Harvey was gone altogether now, and David hadn't seen Captain Carr around either, although Carr's daughter, Wheat Carr, made an appearance in the backyard once in a while. But Wheat Carr, a woman, had no powers at all, and wasn't worth worrying about. But the Labrador retriever hadn't been in the backyard for about ten days now, which indicated that Craig Glassman was, indeed, David's new master. Well, tonight he would see what he would see.

David knew that Glassman and the sheep dog took two or three walks each night around the block, and there was always the off chance that one or the other just might take a walk around the block all alone. . . .

David finished eating the Mars bar, crumpled the paper wrapper, and threw it on the floor. As he reached into the glove compartment for another Mars bar, Craig Glassman and the shaggy dog came out of the lobby. The dog bounded ahead, but for a moment, Craig was clearly outlined against the glass entrance doors, with the lights from the lobby behind him. Craig was wearing cut-off jeans, a University of Miami sweatshirt, with the sleeves cut off at the shoulders, and blue low-cut tennis shoes.

Shivering, David cowered down on the seat, and took a nervous bite out of the Mars bar. The dog's claws rattled on the sidewalk as it romped by the car. As Craig came abreast of the car he shouted:

"Sit! Sit! Wait for me, you silly bitch!" Then Craig whistled.

This was news to David. Was it a female dog? Was Craig a hermaphrodite? Female dogs were even meaner than male dogs, and, for some reason, much harder to kill.

David waited until Craig and the dog turned the corner and started downhill before he got out of the car with his .22 rifle. He held the rifle, barrel down, alongside his leg, and walked stiffly to the corner. It was dark at the corner, and the hill going down was like a cave. He couldn't see either Craig or the dog. David started downhill hesitantly, but after about twenty yards, he stopped at the old aqueduct trail, the trail that ran behind his apartment house and Carr's backyard. It was too dark to shoot anyway, David decided, and he simply couldn't make himself go any farther down that dark street either.

Out of the darkness the dog leaped on David, pawing his chest and whimpering. David dropped the rifle, covered his face with his forearm, and held out the hand with the half-eaten Mars bar.

"Kill, kill, kill," the dog whispered fiercely.

"Yes! I will!" David said, his voice rising in pitch.

The dog snatched the Mars bar from David's hand, gulped it down, and then bounded quickly away as Craig whistled from the bottom of the hill, a hundred yards away.

David slumped to the ground, his back against a tree. He was semi-conscious, and on the verge of fainting, unable to think, too weak to stand. He sat in the warm darkness for fully ten minutes before he made the effort to get to his feet. He climbed the hill back to Pine Street, and then remembered his rifle. He returned for it, made it weakly to his car, and put the rifle into the duffel bag in the back seat.

David got the order. The message was loud and it was firm. He would have to kill for Craig Glassman.

But Jesus loved him, too. It must have been Jesus who guided him when he bought the Mars bars in the supermarket.

So for the Mars bar, David could thank Jesus, his Lord and Savior. If he hadn't had the Mars bar to give to the dog, she would have ripped out his throat.

The order was urgent. Despite his weariness and weakness, David knew that it had to be carried out this very night. Once again, with the .44 pistol tucked into the large brown envelope on the seat

beside him, David drove out of Yonkers, looking for signs.

Of course he had known that he was going to kill again. He had already written letters to the police and to the newspapers informing them in no uncertain terms that he would strike again, but he had wanted more time. He hadn't expected that this was the night he had to kill another pair of strangers. Tonight he had planned to shoot either Glassman or the dog. But there was no way that he could fight the devil. He had been ordered by Glassman to go out tonight and kill.

David didn't find any signs in Queens or in the Bronx. The dark streets were practically deserted, although there didn't seem to be any shortage of marked police cars. There were also, in all probability, twice as many unmarked police cars in the Bronx, he thought.

Finally, David drove to Brooklyn.

Brooklyn was fresh territory.

No one would expect him to go to Brooklyn. There would be fewer police, and those few police who were patrolling, would not be on the alert for a killer. David knew Brooklyn fairly well. He knew many of the lovers' lanes from the days he had been in, for a short time, New York's police auxilliary service. He had wanted, at the time, to become a detective, but all they had ever taught him was boring stuff—how to direct traffic and how to administer first aid to traffic victims. He had expected more than that, and he hadn't liked any of his fellow trainees either. After a few training sessions, he had dropped out of the program. But he had learned a good deal about the different boroughs of New York, and how dumb most of the full time New York cops were.

David cruised slowly by the playground alongside the Shore Parkway, at Bay 14th Street. There were several cars containing couples in the playground, all of them occupying parking spaces facing a high chain link fence. The area was brightly lighted by a sodium-vapor overhead street light. But David still didn't see any signs. He found a parking spot for himself down the street. It was darker here, and the space was vacant because of the fire hydrant. Backing and forthing three times, David was finally able to squeeze his car into the space.

David got out of the car on the passenger side, with his .44 still in the envelope, and for a long moment, stood hesitantly on the sidewalk, wondering what to do. It was awfully bright at the playground lover's lane, and there were no signs to tell him what to do. He was in Brooklyn, an exotic territory, and didn't know what had led him there. Should he go back to Queens. . . ?

He sighed, then, with relief. A sign.

A tall woman, with a tiny white Spitz dog

trotting ahead of her, tugging on its leash, was coming down the sidewalk. David started to walk toward them. As he passed them, almost touching the woman with his shoulder on the narrow walk, the tiny dog woofed once and jerked its head, indicating that David was in the right place after all, and that he should continue to the playground.

The next problem, once he was there, was which car? There were several cars to choose from, all of them containing couples, but perhaps the closest one was best? David walked directly to the brown car, which was parked beneath the bright overhead sodium-vapor light. He fired four times through the driver's window, then turned and ran like hell. Pounding down the sidewalk, he could hear a man's voice screaming, "Help me! Help me!"

Although David hadn't been away from his car for more than three minutes altogether, some cop had put a ticket under his windshield wiper. He had been cited for "parking by a hydrant." David tore up the ticket, and threw it on the floor of his car.

Disappointed and frustrated, David drove away, incredibly tired now, and embittered about the long drive back to Yonkers. He didn't have any physical reaction at all. Except for being a little winded, there was no rush of excitement, and he didn't even have a partial erection. If the man he shot could still holler that loudly, he hadn't killed him, either. He wasn't sure whether he had hit the girl. It had all happened so quickly, he had merely caught a flashing glimpse of her long blonde hair. He had rushed his shots because of the damned light, and had only fired four rounds instead of five. If he had waited a split-second longer, enough time to fire the fifth round, he could have made certain that one or the other was dead. Haste makes waste, he thought unhappily, and Craig is punishing me. At least with Captain Carr he had obtained pleasurable, physical relief, but not with the evil Craig Glassman.

David drove home, parked in the street, and cleaned his pistol before he went to sleep. He slept until noon the next day, called in to the Post Office that he was sick with the flu, and that he wouldn't be in for work for a few days. He then went out for breakfast and the newspapers.

From the papers he learned that he had killed Stacy Moskowitz, twenty, and had blinded her date, Robert Violante, also twenty, probably for life. But this good news did not console David. He had killed for Craig, as he had been ordered to do, but Craig had not given him his reward.

He would have to do something or other to get even with Craig Glassman. . . .

Chapter Ten

CRAIG PICKED HIS FATHER UP AT THE NEWARK AIRPORT, AND WONDERED, DURING THE LONG DRIVE BACK TO YONKERS, WHETHER HE SHOULD TELL HIM ABOUT THE THREATENING LETTERS. He didn't want to worry his father, but on the other hand he didn't want to talk about Mac, either.

"Is Mac going to be at the graduation tonight?" Sam Glassman asked hesitantly.

The retired doctor looked natty in his light blue sports jacket, gray slacks, and white shoes. The Florida sun had turned his skin into dark mahogany, and the doctor, at sixty-seven, could have passed easily as sixty. Swimming thirty laps every day in the pool had trimmed his waistline, too.

"You're looking pretty good these days, Dad. How do you feel?"

"I'm getting plenty of rest, if that's what you mean. I thought Mac might drive out with you."

"Mac isn't coming tonight, Dad. She's on vacation now, and she's spending it in Pennsylvania with her parents. She did tell me to give you and Mother her love, and she's sorry she couldn't be here to see you and attend the graduation. We're still very good friends, Dad, and Mac isn't missing my graduation on purpose. She tried to take her vacation when her office scheduled it, that's all."

"Your mother feels bad about not coming."

"I know that. You told me already, and so did she, on the phone. But with her stiff back, I wouldn't have let her come anyway. But there's something else I want to tell you about. I've had a couple of threatening letters lately, and the department has started an investigation."

"What kind of letters?"

"Just threatening. A little incoherent, with peculiar references. I don't want to alarm you or anything, but even if Mother's back was okay, I think it's better, under the circumstances, that she didn't come. And please don't tell her about the letters when you go back tomorrow. She'd worry."

Dr. Glassman chuckled. "I've had my share of threatening letters, and I never told Sally about them. When you run a hospital, a lot of people blame you for all kinds of things, and I used to get some nasty, anonymous letters. But they don't mean anything, Craig. You made somebody sore, and he's just getting it off his chest, that's all."

"I agree, Dad. But I thought you'd be interested."

Sam Glassman then started to tell Craig about Sheila's last visit to Florida, and about the great photos he had taken of the grandchildren. Craig was relieved that they were over the hurdle about Mac not coming to his graduation ceremony. It still seemed to Craig that Mac could have managed to schedule her vacation at a different time.

The graduation ceremony from the Cochran School of Nursing held in a small auditorium at St. John's Hospital, went smoothly enough. Craig, as the only male graduate, received a louder burst of applause than the other nurses from the audience of relatives and friends when his name was called. After the short speeches, Craig introduced his father to some of the other students, and then the two of them went out together for a steak dinner and a bottle of wine to celebrate.

"What're your plans, Craig?" Sam asked during dinner. "There's nothing holding you in New

York now, so why not come back to Florida? There are plenty of hospitals in Miami, and they all need nurses."

"No, Dad. I've got a good job lined up at Montefiore Hospital, and they've promised me that I can work with the sick, delinquent kids. That kind of work ties in well with my police training, and I feel like I can really help those kids.

"Besides," Craig grinned, "I did write to two different hospitals in Miami, and I was offered a job at Baptist Hospital. The catch is, Montefiore pays a third more in salary than Baptist does. Let's face it, the pay is higher in New York than down there."

"Maybe so," Sam said, "but Miami is a nicer, cleaner place to live, and you don't have to buy any winter clothes."

"I've already got winter clothes, Dad. If I don't like the job at Montefiore, I can always quit. I'm not nailed to this place. Right now, though, I'm settled in, and I have my volunteer deputy work besides. And working with juvenile delinquents looks like it will be interesting."

Craig insisted on his father taking the bed in his apartment. It had been a long day for the doctor, and he had to fly back to Miami the next afternoon. Craig made up a bed on the couch, and tried to get comfortable. His father fell asleep immediately, but Craig was restless and wide awake.

He had passed another milestone, of sorts,

and his future looked promising. As a nurse working with juvenile delinquents, he knew that he would have his hands full. They were mostly teenage drug addicts, prostitutes, psychotics and sociopaths, so he would have some very interesting cases. If he could gather enough material, taking notes and so on, there might even be enough material in the situation for a television sit-com series. He wasn't a writer, but there were undoubtedly professional writers who would be interested if he had the right material Maybe PBS—as a public service series? Educational. He thought about the possibilities, and finally dismissed them from his mind as wishful thinking. The best thing for him to do right now would be to concentrate on learning his new job, and to forget about ever working in communications. If something did work out for TV later, fine; if not, he could always console himself with the knowledge that the work he was going into would be useful to society. He was sleepy now, but he still couldn't sleep. His father didn't snore—not exactly—but he breathed raggedly and audibly in his sleep.

Then Craig realized what was bothering him. He had forgotten to block the front door and the fire escape window. Quietly, so he wouldn't disturb his father, he placed a folding chair by the window and another by the front door. He put his .44 pistol on the floor beside his head. This time, when he stretched out on the couch again, he fell asleep right away.

A popping sound, like exploding lady fingers firecrackers, brought Craig out of a sound sleep. The popping continued, and he sat up on the sofa. It was seven-thirty a.m., and the barred sunlight was bright as it poured through the slanting venetian blinds.

Craig jumped up and ran toward the door. Orange flames outlined the door frame. Craig quickly crossed the room, and shook his father awake. "The building is on fire! Grab your clothes, Dad, and get out on the fire escape."

Sam Glassman pulled on his slacks and a sportshirt, opened the window, and then carried the television set with him as he climbed out onto the fire escape. "If you've got any important papers," Sam said, "pass them out to me."

Craig wanted to open the front door, but the metal door was glowing with the intensity of the heat. Craig ducked as he heard a loud pop, and the magnifying door-viewer burst from the door and flew past his head.

There were excited voices out in the corridor.

"Hello, out there!" Craig shouted. "Is the building on fire?"

"No," a voice called back. "There's a fire in front of your door. Don't try to open it. We're putting it out with water."

Craig went into the kitchenette, filled a saucepan with water, and poured the water along the base of the door to prevent the orange carpet from catching fire.

The firemen arrived, but by the time they got there the neighbors had extinguished the fire. The door had cooled enough for Craig to open it. The intense heat had made ripples in the metal door, and the base was dotted with shallow dents.

Curious neighbors, talking and jostling each other, crowded the corridor. Newspapers, rubbish, and bags of garbage had been used as fuel for the fire. The rubbish had been piled chest high against the door before the neighbors had kicked the unburned debris away.

The fire inspector arrived, looked through the charred rubble, and discovered several spent .22 caliber shells.

"I heard them as they popped off," Craig told the inspector. "It's a good thing none of those people putting out the fire got one of those in the head. Look at the dents in the bottom of the door."

The inspector nodded. "This is definitely an arson case. I'll notify the Yonkers police, and they'll send somebody out to talk to you."

"I'll be back later this afternoon. Tell them that I've got to take my father to the airport."

Sam Glassman was reluctant to leave.

Craig persuaded him, however, telling him that there was nothing he could do to help, and that the Yonkers police would take care of it. They had a late breakfast on the way to the Newark Airport. As they finished their hot tea, Sam Glassman smiled broadly.

"For a moment there," Sam said, "I thought that this crazy little fire, along with your threatening letters, might be a good argument for me to use to get you back to Miami. But statistically, we have more murders and more crime per capita in Miami than you have up here in New York."

"I know," Craig said. "We're all on the same sinking ship, Dad."

Sam folded his arms across his chest, and tightened his lips. "All the same, Craig, if you don't mind, I'd like to tell your mother that you're considering the idea of moving back to Miami."

"Sure, Dad, go ahead. It might make her feel better about missing my graduation ceremony."

THE HERALD STATESMAN

AUGUST 7, 1977

Street beat

Building fire ruled as arson

By CLIFF ENNICO
Staff Writer

Yonkers detectives are investigating a one-alarm rubbish fire that broke out Saturday morning on the sixth floor of a seven story apartment building at 35 Pine St., after firefighters discovered several .22-caliber bullets in the debris.

The fire, which started at 7:34 a.m. Saturday in a pile of rubbish that had been left in a sixth-floor hallway, was declared the work of an arsonist by

Yonkers Fire Department investigators, who believe someone used a match or cigarette lighter to ignite the rubbish.

Upon searching the pile, according to fire officials, firefighters discovered between 15 and 20 revolver bullets, some of which had exploded from the heat of the fire. The bullets were turned over to Yonkers detectives who are continuing the investigation.

Six companies responded to the one-alarm blaze, which was reported under control at 7:46 a.m. According to fire officials, tenants from apartments near the rubbish helped keep the fire from spreading by throwing water on it before fire vehicles arrived at the scene.

No one was hurt by the fire or the exploding bullets, according to firefighters, who said they saw no need to evacuate the building upon arrival.

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AUGUST 1, 1977

.44-Cal. Killer Shoots 2 More

Wounds Pair in B'klyn Despite Cop Dragnet

By PAUL MESKIL
and ROBERT HERBERT
With Richard Edmonds,
Harrison Rainie and
Claire Seigel

Striking only two days after the anniversary of his first murder, the .44-caliber killer who calls himself Son of Sam eluded a widespread police dragnet early yesterday and severely wounded a young man and woman who had driven to Brooklyn's Gravesend Bay to watch the full moon on the water.

The 12th and 13th victims of his slaughter spree were Robert Violante and Stacy Moskowitz, both 20. Violante was shot in the head, lost the sight of one eye and was partly blinded in the other, but is expected to recover. Miss Moskowitz, a blonde, is in critical condition with bullet wounds of the head and neck.

Yesterday's sneak attack was his first in Brooklyn and came more than 10 miles from the northern Queens and east Bronx neighborhoods he has terrorized since his first killing on July 29, 1976.

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

AUGUST 1, 1977

'.44-killer can hit anywhere'

NEW YORK (AP) — The latest shooting by "Son of Sam" has set the investigation back, broadened the geographical area, eliminated the prime suspects and cast new suspicion on old suspects.

When the killer of five persons walked out of the shadows with his .44-caliber pistol Sunday morning and shot and critically wounded two more young people, he all but eliminated the most likely suspects.

Homicide detectives said about a dozen suspects were under constant surveillance over the weekend, and it now appears they are in the clear.

"It's a whole new ball game now," one detective said. "There were many people we had ruled out and now, after this shooting, we have to go back and check them out again."

"We now have an entire city to protect," said Inspector Timothy Dowd, head of the task force. "Sam is now telling us he will strike anywhere."

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AUGUST 4, 1977

MOBSTERS JOIN HUNT

Godfather orders: get Sam

IT'S COSTING MONEY

But underworld sources say other mob leaders want Son of Sam stopped because he is costing the mob money.

Hardest hit have been Brooklyn, Queens and Bronx discos, bars, restaurants and coffeehouses. All have had a sharp drop in business recently with young people staying home because of Son of Sam's attacks.

Chapter Eleven

AS A BOY, DAVID HAD ONCE PUT OUT A FIRE IN A NEIGHBOR'S KITCHEN. It was merely a burning pot of stew, producing more smoke than fire, but for a few days he had become a hero in the apartment complex. For several months afterwards, David had wanted to be a fireman when he grew up. He loved the uniforms, especially the coal shovel hats and the big hip boots that firemen wore. But as David grew older and saw how little firemen had to do, most of the time, he changed his mind. They worked hard enough during a fire, but the rest of the time they spent around the station cleaning hoses, fire engines, and polishing brass.

David often worried because they had so little to do. To help the firemen out, and to give them more work so they wouldn't lose their jobs, David made a practice of setting small fires whenever the opportunity came up. He was never caught at it, nor did his fires ever cause any major damage. But, as he knew, a fire department's budget was determined by the number of calls they made and the fires they put out, and if he could keep them busy they would have their budgets increased and even get pay raises. David also kept a meticulous record of each fire he set as proof (in the event he happened to get caught) that he was, indeed, the Phantom Fireman. If he happened to get arrested, he thought that the firemen, who could thank him for their increased budgets, would come to his aid out of gratitude.

In this world, David thought, firemen were the good guys.

Because David was so adept at setting small fires, the idea of burning Craig Glassman to death seemed like a good one. Or, if Craig was not killed during the fire, perhaps he might be badly burned. If he was not burned badly, he might be frightened enough to move away from the apartment house, and he, David, would be free from Craig's evil powers.

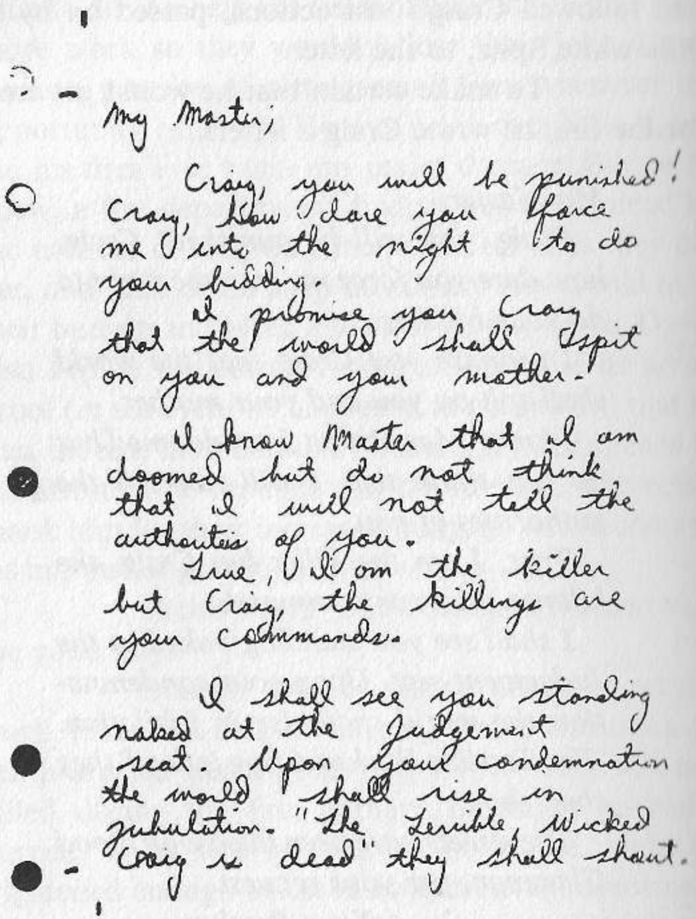
David was still angry about the Brooklyn shootings, and the fact that he had received no physical

reward, no satisfaction whatsoever, even though he had followed Craig's instructions, passed on by the little white Spitz, to the letter.

To make certain that he would get credit for the fire, he wrote Craig a letter:

> *My Master:*
>
> *Craig, you will be punished! Craig, how dare you force me into the night to do your bidding.*
>
> *I promise you Craig that the world shall spit on you and your mother.*
>
> *I know Master that I am doomed but do not think that I will not tell the authorities of you.*
>
> *True, I am the killer but Craig, the killings are your commands.*
>
> *I shall see you standing naked at the Judgement seat. Upon your condemnation the world shall rise in jubilation. 'The Terrible Wicked Craig is dead' they shall shout.*
>
> *The streets have been filled with blood Glassman, per your request.*
>
> *Your Brother*

David addressed an envelope to Craig Glassman, put the letter inside, and sealed the



My Master;

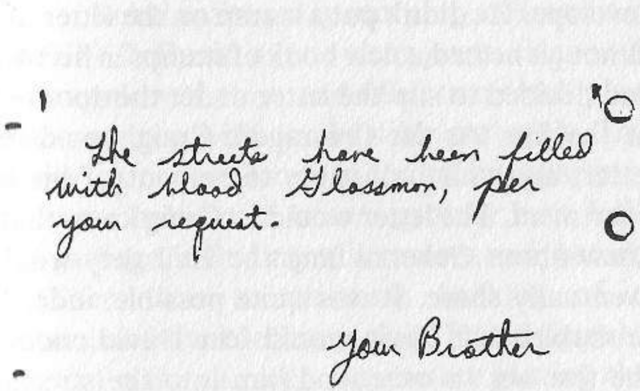
Craig, you will be punished! Craig, How dare you force me into the night to do your bidding.

I promise you Craig that the world shall spit on you and your mother.

I know Master that I am doomed but do not think that I will not tell the authorites of you.

True, I am the killer but Craig, the killings are your commands.

I shall see you standing naked at the Judgement seat. Upon your condemnation the world shall rise in jubulation. "The Terrible, Wicked Craig is dead" they shall shout.



The streets have been filled with blood Glossman, per your request.

Your Brother

envelope. He didn't put a stamp on the letter this time, although he had a new book of stamps in his wallet. He had decided to slip the letter under the door before he lit the fire. As the fire raged, Craig would read the letter, and still be unable to get out of his burning apartment. The letter would let Craig know that David knew about Gehenna and the Hell they would both eventually share. It was quite possible, indeed it was probable, that Craig would fear David enough after the fire not to ever send him into the streets to kill again.

Pleased with the letter, David took another shower. He had already taken four during the night, and he usually averaged six during each twenty-four hour period. His apartment wasn't clean, and he frequently wore the same pair of socks for five or six days in a row, but he kept his body scrupulously clean. Cleanliness, he knew, was next to Godliness, and keeping his body pure and clean was the Christian thing to do. He would have kept his clothes cleaner, too, but the machines in the basement laundry room were in use most of the time, and David did not want to talk to anyone in the apartment house. The best time to get to the machines was early on Saturday and Sunday mornings, when the other tenants slept late. Unfortunately, David, because of his work schedule, had also got into the habit of sleeping late every day, even on the days when he was not working.

But this Saturday morning, at seven a.m., August 6, 1977, David put on clean jeans, clean socks, a gray, long-sleeved shirt, and filled two black plastic hefty garbage bags with combustible materials. There was plenty to choose from in the messy apartment. There were a half-dozen brown grocery bags full of assorted garbage, including milk cartons and macaroni boxes. There was a two-week backlog of old newspapers, and stacks of magazines. David ripped the pages out of a dozen magazines before putting them into the bags, and finally added a grease-stained kitchen towel for a little extra combustion. He took a handful of .22 shells, and put them into his pants pocket.

David rode the elevator down one flight, carrying his two bags of fuel, and walked softly down the long carpeted corridor to Craig's apartment. He listened for a moment at the door, heard nothing, and then, as quietly as he could, piled the two sacks of debris in front of the door. He ignited the pile from the bottom with his lighter, and remained to get the oily hand towel burning well before he threw the .22 bullets on top of the pile.

When the people in the nearby apartments heard the bullets pop, he thought, they would stay away from the fire and not try to put it out. He ran back to the elevator, and punched the down button before he realized that he had forgotten to slip the letter to

Craig under the door.

He shrugged. He could stamp and mail it later. David got into his Galaxie and drove to a drugstore six blocks away. He stamped Craig's letter, dropped it into the mailbox in front of the store, and then called the Fire Department number from the pay booth, and said:

"The phantom fireman strikes again. Thirty-five Pine." He hung up and returned to his car. He had a drop in spirits now, as the excitement wore off. He was anxious to find out what had happened to Craig, but he did not want to return to the apartment building right away to find out. He did not want any fireman to get a glimpse of him, ever, and he knew that the apartment house would be swarming with firemen by now. During the last year, David had improved their efficiency in answering calls, and had reduced their response time by promptly calling in each time he started a fire. And as soon as the fire was discovered, every resident in the building who had a phone would probably call the fire department as well.

With luck, good luck, the wicked Craig would be dead now, or at the least be screaming and suffering with terrible, searing burns all over his huge body. The latter was more likely, because Craig, as a true Son of Sam, could not die unless he wanted to, and if he did die, he could always return as someone, or something else. One can never eliminate the devil

altogether; all one can do is change the pattern and hope that the next Master will be kinder.

David drove to the International House of Pancakes, and ordered a double order of wheat cakes with blueberry syrup and a cup of hot chocolate. Eating would either wake him up or make him sleepier, but while he was eating he didn't care particularly about anything else except the food. This time, eating made him sleepier, so he drove to Manhattan College, parked in the almost deserted student parking lot, and walked into Van Cortlandt Park.

He took the path for several hundred yards, then left the path and fell asleep under a shady tree. He slept until two-thirty, and awoke with an excruciating pain in his left arm. He had been sleeping on that arm, and it was trembling with fiery darting pains from the forearm to the shoulder. David got up, jumped up and down in place, swinging his arms, and the pain was soon replaced by numbness before it became normal again. His back was stiff from the hard ground, and he stretched, standing on his tiptoes until his back cracked.

David wandered back down the path, purchased two sauerkraut hotdogs from a vendor, and ate them as he watched three pre-teen boys fly their kites.

David approached the boys and asked if he could feel the tugs. The boys were a little suspicious at first, but after he told them how strong the tugs were, after testing the taut strings, they relaxed slightly.

"Did you guys ever send messages to your kites?"

"What do you mean?" one boy said, frowning.

"A message," David explained. "You take a piece of paper, about a foot square, put a hole in the middle, slip it over your stick, and then let it climb the string to your kite."

"What kind of message do you send a kite, for Christ's sake?" The kid who said this was quite dark, and his accent was Spanish.

"Please," David said kindly, "do not use the Lord's name in vain. Here, let me show you."

David got a section of newspaper out of the nearby trash can, tore off a square from the top sheet, and wrote in the margin, "Hello up there." He then tore a small hole in the center of the message, and let the dark kid slip it over the stick that held his string. The "message" moved slowly at first, but the higher it climbed the faster it travelled along the string, and eventually it reached the kite.

The other two boys wanted to try it now, and for the next hour David helped the boys send their kites messages: "How's the weather up there?"; "Arriba!"; "Disregard last message"; "Last one down is a chicken kite"; and some that merely said "Hello," and

"Hello, again."

A few messages, when the string sawed through the paper, didn't make it all the way up to the kites. They came fluttering down hundreds of yards away. When that happened, the other two boys would jeer at the sender for his failure.

David tired of the game and walked back to the Manhattan College campus and sat on a bench. It had been fun for a while, sending messages to the kites, but it had saddened him, too. No message ever came back. The kites did not respond, and no one ever answered any of the letters he mailed, either. The fact that no one knew who he was, and that he never gave his real name or return address, was beside the point. The point was that no one ever wrote to him, and no one answered his letters. Ever. If someone really cared about him, really cared, they would find out who he was and write a friendly letter. He hadn't even heard from his father in Florida for more than two months.

The old man, his "father," was sixty-nine now, but he could still write once in awhile. Perhaps it was time to visit the old man in Boynton Beach again? No, the last two visits had been depressing. He had had to sleep on the couch in the one-bedroom condo, and he had been bored with the other retired people in the condo and Julia's incessant talking.

When he went over to the beach at Fort Lauderdale, where all the college crowd hung out, he became disgusted with their silliness and beer-drinking. When he tried, shyly, to join a group, just to talk, they just looked at him funny and didn't include him in their conversations. Of course, if he drove down to Florida, he could escape from Craig Glassman, but he might run into an even worse Master down there, besides the hassle of finding another job. His father could get by all right on what he had, but he didn't have enough money to support David *and* Julia. If he had a letter from his father begging him to come down, that would be a different matter, but his father was angry about David's conversion to Christianity. And when David had tried to convert his father, as well, and Julia, into becoming Born Again Christians, the old man became so angry he had to go into the bedroom and lie down for an hour or so.

David drove back to downtown Yonkers, parked around the corner from his regular barber shop, and then took a seat and a number to wait for Chair Number Three. David and the barber, a surly, taciturn Czech refugee from Prague, had the same conversation every month.

"Afro?"

"Afro."

Perhaps, David thought, I'll try another barber next month. Most barbers talked too much, but the Czech never said anything. But then David remembered thinking the same thing last month, and

knew that he wouldn't change. The Czech cut his hair exactly the way he liked it, and never tried to trim his eyebrows. David paid the barber and, as usual, tipped him a dollar.

David's next stop was the supermarket. He cashed a check for fifty dollars at the window, and did his weekly shopping. He bought three cans of tomato soup, and a large carton of Cool Whip. David liked to float large gobs of Cool Whip on top of his Campbell's tomato soup. He got a package of Hydrox cookies, a lemon pie, four cans of Mary Kitchen's roast beef hash, a dozen jumbo eggs, a bag of apples, two large Spanish onions, a package of cinnamon rolls, and a two-liter plastic bottle of Hires root beer. At the checkout counter he picked up three Mounds bars and a package of Schick razor blades. After David stowed the groceries in the trunk of the car he remembered that he needed steel wool, but he didn't feel like going back inside and standing in the checkout line again.

David drove to an adult bookstore on Main Street, browsed for a while, and then bought two Swedish magazines with excellent color photos of naked, oversized blonde women. Each magazine contained a few excellent spread shots. He also bought a paperback novel entitled *Twisted Whips,* by Dick Hardman.

David parked in his favorite spot in front of the apartment house, and checked the street to see if

Craig's car was parked outside. He entered the garage from the driveway, and spotted Craig's car in the Number Four slot. David then returned to his car for his groceries, and took the elevator up to his apartment. He put away his groceries, ate a candy bar, and took a shower. He read his novel until ten p.m., and decided he didn't care for it very much. There was very little plot, and even the whipping scenes were boring. The only good thing about the novel was the lurid, sexy cover drawing.

A little after ten, David took the elevator down one flight, pulled out the stop button so no one else could use the elevator, and looked down the long hallway. There was no debris in front of Craig's door. David ran lightly down the hall, took a quick look at the door, and then scampered back to the elevator, and went back to his apartment.

The damage was slight. The door was blistered, but not even all of the paint was burned off. All in all, it had been a lovely day, David thought, except for the failure to burn out Craig Glassman.

David undressed, and masturbated while he looked at the photos in the Swedish magazines, but he could not achieve an erection because of Craig Glassman, who was punishing him for setting the fire.

Well, he thought, something radical will have to be done about the wicked Craig Glassman.

Chapter Twelve

TWO HARNESS COPS FROM THE YONKERS POLICE DEPARTMENT RAPPED ON CRAIG'S DOOR AT FOUR-THIRTY P.M.

By that time Craig had cleaned up the debris, collected four more .22 shells, and had thrown the remnants from the fire down the garbage chute. The superintendent sent Ralphine, the sullen black maid, up to help out. She vacuumed and then scrubbed the orange carpet around the doorway with soapy water and a brush. The scrubbing didn't remove the charred places from the rug, and the super told Craig that the hall carpet would be replaced as soon as he could get one ordered.

Craig gave Ralphine two dollars. She looked at the two bills for a long time before she shuffled away toward the elevator with her vacuum cleaner, but she never said anything. She probably expected a larger tip, Craig thought, but the hell with her; he had done most of the work by the time she got there, anyway.

Both policemen looked sharp enough in their uniforms, Craig reflected, to pass a formal, commissioner's inspection. Thomas Chamberlain was a little short for a policeman, about five-seven or eight, with close-cropped red hair and an outgoing smile. Peter Intervallo was at least six inches taller than his partner, and sported a bushy moustache with the consistency of fox fur.

Craig offered them instant coffee or tea, which they both declined, and told them about the fire that morning. Craig sat on a folding chair, with his back to the television. The two patrolmen sat across from him on the yellow couch.

"Pine Street," Chamberlain said, "is a part of our patrol section, and this fire of yours might be the break we've been looking for."

"What do you mean?"

"All cops, except for Pete here, maybe, like to play detective. Right, Pete?"

Peter Intervallo didn't reply, and Craig concluded that they had arranged before coming to his apartment that Chamberlain would do the talking for both of them.

"Okay," Chamberlain said, opening his notebook, "a couple of innocent questions. Did anyone ever send you any threatening letters, or does anybody have anything against you?"

"Yes. Two. I've had two threatening letters. The sheriff's department is investigating. I don't know who it could be."

"All right, then. Have you ever played your TV loud at night, and do you have a dog?"

"You're right on," Craig said. "I've got a dog, and one night when I fell asleep with the set on, some guy called me about two a.m., or thereabouts, and told me to turn the fucking thing off. Before I could even apologize, the guy hung up on me."

Craig got the photo copies of the two letters and showed them to the patrolmen. Chamberlain grinned and tapped the letter that mentioned Carr's name with his forefinger.

"This is the guy," he said, "Sam Carr. We've got a pretty good idea now about who it is who's been writing these letters, because we've been after this guy for some time." Chamberlain leaned back and smiled. "The person we have under suspicion is a guy named David Berkowitz, and you're not going to believe this, but he lives upstairs from you, directly above you!"

Craig took a quick glance at the ceiling, and so did Intervallo. "I believe you if you say so," Craig said, "But it's a little hard to follow. We thought that the letters I got might've come from some deputy in the sheriff's department, but that didn't check out. I've never done anything to the man upstairs. In fact, I don't even know what he looks like."

"You gotta dog," Intervallo said dryly. "Maybe he don't like your dog."

"I only have the dog part time. Right now, my dog's on a two-week vacation with my wife."

"Does your wife live here with you?"

Craig shook his head, and cleared his throat. "I'm estranged. We're separated. But sometimes I have the dog here. I've got a cat, too, and he's under the bed over there. He scooted under there when the fire started, and now he won't come out."

"Neither will Berkowitz," Chamberlain said. "Let me fill you in on the background a little."

Before Berkowitz moved into the apartment building, Chamberlain told Craig, he had rented a room in New Rochelle. A dog was shot and killed in the neighborhood, and Berkowitz's car had been seen parked in the area. Berkowitz had also been observed in the area carrying a rifle. The problem was that no one could actually say that Berkowitz was definitely the dog killer, although he was the only suspect the New Rochelle police had. Berkowitz was acting

strange, according to his landlady—"creepy," as she put it. He got angry about her playing her TV at night—and she asked him to move out. Inasmuch as Berkowitz had moved, the New Rochelle police had more or less dropped their investigation of the dog killing and Berkowitz.

"Tell him about the other three dogs," Intervallo suggested.

"That was next. This was around Christmas time, in 1976. Three dead dogs were found by some kids down the street aways—on Pine Street—in a plastic garbage bag."

"What kind of dogs?" Craig asked.

"*Dead* dogs. All shot, and one of them with its ear cut off with a knife or razor blade."

"I mean the breed. I've got a sheep dog, that's why I asked."

"These were German shepherds, or a mix with shepherd in them, anyway. The Humane Society was slow in getting around to pick up the dogs. The kids finally buried all three of them in their backyard."

"In that case, I don't suppose they ran an autopsy to dig out the bullets?"

Intervallo laughed, and fingered his moustache. "I'd like to see the guy brave enough to call the Medical Examiner to run an autopsy on three dogs. He's got ten or fifteen stiffs a day to work on as it is, and he sure as hell wouldn't have any time for dogs!"

"I wondered, that's all."

Chamberlain leafed back through his notes. "I looked around the neighborhood some, asking around, and took down some names. The name of Berkowitz came up right away. Mr. Carr, who runs a telephone answering service from his home in back of your apartment, said he saw a man run down the old acqueduct path with a rifle. And someone shot his dog, Harvey, in the shoulder. Another man identified the guy with the rifle as Berkowitz, who lives in this building. Also, this Carr had received some threatening letters. Of course, Carr happens to be one of those old guys who calls the police all the time about everything, bitching and complaining. He complains about noisy parties, loud motorcycles, kids throwing rocks, everything."

"A man should never work out of his own house," Intervallo said. "It's all because he works at home, and never gets out. If I had to stay home all the time, I'd probably bitch myself. A man should always go out to work somewhere."

"You sound like a married man," Craig said, smiling.

"Whatever the reason, we got another lead," Chamberlain continued. "Apparently, Berkowitz wrote a sarcastic 'get well' card to his former landlady, and was dumb enough to put Carr's return address on the envelope. She didn't know any Carr,

and neither she nor her husband had been sick. So she telephoned Carr, and then went over to see him. They compared the handwriting on her card and Carr's letters, and it was just about the same. She told the New Rochelle police, and I got the information later on. She figured it had to be Berkowitz who sent her the card, and it was Berkowitz who was spotted behind the apartment house here with a rifle.

"Old Carr's really pissed off now. He says he's had to pay about a thousand bucks in vet's bills for his wounded dog. Our next step was to make a call on Mr. Berkowitz."

"What did he say? Why the letters, and why the. . .?"

"Nothing. We've been up there several times to check when we've been in the neighborhood, and knocked on the door, but he doesn't answer. I don't even know if he was in there or not, although I think he was in each time. But we've never talked with him yet. If he's in, he simply doesn't answer the door."

"What about the place where he works?"

"I don't know where he works. We talked to your manager, but he claims that Berkowitz is an ideal tenant. He's quiet, he pays his rent on time, and no one in the building has ever said anything about him one way or the other. He also said that Berkowitz has never given him the second key to the apartment, but he's not worried about it. When Berkowitz moved in, he told the manager that he repaired air conditioners over in the Bronx, but he didn't say where or for who.

"We also climbed the fire escape, and tried to look into his apartment, but we couldn't see in because he's got both windows covered with blankets. We can't pin anything on him, but he's now a suspect in the Son of Sam case."

"The Son of Sam? I don't see the connection."

"That's true, there's nothing concrete, but there're all those letters that the Son of Sam's been writing to the newspapers, you know. Berkowitz is a suspect, even if there's nothing to take to the D.A."

"Have you tried for a warrant?"

"On what evidence?"

"What would you do if you were me?" Craig asked, looking up at the ceiling. He felt the presence of Berkowitz crawling down the fire escape toward him like an unpruned, creeping carnivorous plant. "Hell, he could come down the fire escape some night and just blow me away through the fucking window!"

"That's right," Intervallo said cheerfully. "So I guess if I were you I'd worry a lot."

THE HERALD STATESMAN

AUGUST 3, 1977

Son of Sam father of fear

When Lisa gets ready for work these days, she no longer worries about lining her eyes with mascara or brightening her cheeks with rouge nor does she blow dry her long brown hair into the Farrah Fawcett look anymore.

And summer dresses that exposed her bare shoulders are out as well.

Instead, thanks to Son of Sam's continuing reign of terror, Lisa tucks the mass of hair beneath a tight-fitting cap.

Then, before going out of her White Plains apartment door, she dons a man's sports coat, which she will not remove until she's safely inside the Queens office where she works.

"I'm scared. It's the whole scene, the blood, the glass, he could shoot anyone," Lisa said Monday. "I used to lock the hood of my car when I got to the office but I don't anymore. It takes too long to lock it and later in the evening to unlock it. Who wants to be standing around out there?" Lisa said.

Lisa's feelings of fear and vulnerability are not uncommon in the wake of the string of shootings by the .44-caliber killer which has now left six victims dead and seven wounded.

Before the killer ambushed blond Stacy Moskowitz and Robert Violante early Sunday in Brooklyn, many people felt he would strike at dark-haired young women in the northern Queens and east Bronx neighborhoods of his previous attacks.

Remaining as a common denominator in the attacks in the shootings is the killer's pattern of striking at couples parked in cars at night.

"There aren't any rules," Barbara said, explaining the climate of fear which has led her to only slow down when she comes to stop signs and carry exact change for the tolls. Thus, she said, she avoids making herself a standing target.

"I don't travel on the (narrow) Hutchinson Parkway anymore. I stay on the thruways," Barbara said.

"I used to go for walks at night when I finished my shift or just sit in front of my house, listening to the car radio," Leslie, a graduate student, working as a waitress, said from her Bayside house.

"One girl who wanted to go bike riding after work last night decided to go home instead. People who used to do these things don't anymore," Leslie said.

Men also have been gripped by the fear.

"Sometimes you forget for a while, then, like wind on your back, you remember and it's absolutely scary," Mike of White Plains said.

"The other night, my girlfriend and I decided to go for a drink after the movies," he said. "We pulled up in front of a bar on Northern Boulevard (Queens) and stayed in the car a few minutes talking about Woody Allen, then, all of a sudden, we looked at each other. We hadn't been thinking about it at all. It was like simultaneously hitting our funny bones."

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

AUGUST 5, 1977

County starts Son of Sam watch

By CHARLES LACHMAN
Staff Writer

A platoon of deputy sheriffs, riding in unmarked cars and wearing civilian clothes, began their first Son of Sam patrols in Westchester Thursday night and early today.

Sheriff Thomas Delaney said the 16-man Son of Sam posse will continue daily patrols from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m. for an indefinite period.

At a Thursday press conference, the sheriff said he had no reason to believe the killer of six young people in New York City would some day strike in Westchester.

But noting the killer has attacked in the northern Bronx, just south of Westchester, Delaney said, "I don't think he (respects)

county lines."

Son of Sam's first victim, Donna Lauria of the Bronx, had visited a New Rochelle discotheque "Peachtree's" the night she was killed in Queens last year.

Judy Placido, 17, wounded by the killer about a month ago, worked in the cosmetics department of Macy's in New Rochelle.

Delaney said these two minimal Westchester connections to the Son of Sam case were a factor prompting him to create the special patrols.

About 100 high-ranking officers from Westchester and Putnam were briefed Thursday on the Son of Sam search by Lt. John Powers, a member of the task force spearheading the biggest manhunt in New York City police history.

A $1,000 reward for information leading to the killer's capture has been offered by Ralph Purdy, president of the 3,000-member Tri-County Federation of Police. The money will be placed in a reward fund already totalling $25,000, said a New York City police spokesman.

Delaney says he hopes his special 16-man force will soon be augmented by a nightly volunteer force of about 20 off-duty officers from Westchester's 39 police departments. The volunteers will be directed by the sheriff's office.

Delaney said he asked the police officials in the hour-long, closed-door briefing in White Plains to "tell their personnel to go into lover's lanes (and warn young people parked there) to leave."

"I also asked the chiefs to beef up their patrols," during the night-time hours Son of Sam stalks the city streets.

Some of the killer's victims were shot while parked in lover's lanes.

Privately, police officials said the briefing by Lt. Powers didn't disclose anything not already known. But, as one said, "I think we'd be better able to handle Son of Sam now."

Delaney, aksed whether his highly publicized briefing and press conference might be interpreted by Son of Sam as an "invitation" for him to strike in Westchester, said, "I don't know the mind of Son of Sam. We didn't seek the publicity."

Lt. Powers said there was no way of accurately predicting the killer's next move.

Several leads are being investigated by the sheriff's office, said Delaney, but no suspects are under 24-hour surveillance.

"We have been getting quite a few" telephone tips from people, said the sheriff, but most of them turn out to be false or "vindictive attempts to get back at some one."

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Chapter Thirteen

DAVID'S DECISION TO SHOOT CRAIG GLASSMAN WAS ENCOURAGED BY THE HOLLOW LAUGHTER THAT ISSUED FROM HIS KITCHENETTE, AND BY THE SUCCESSFUL MURDER OF A VERY LARGE COCKROACH.

David sat at the card table eating a plateful of steaming Mary Kitchen's roast beef hash when he heard the laughter.

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Monotonous and expressionless, the laughter floated through the pass-through window.

David leaped up, ran around the

kitchenette to the door on the other side and flipped on the overhead light. Except for the cockroach, no one else was in the kitchenette. The roach, about two inches long, with a four-inch wing span in flight, flew off the counter and skidded on the linoleum floor as it scampered into the dark recesses under the sink. The roach had been feasting on the soft sugar left on the waxed paper from the sweet rolls. David had eaten the six sweet rolls while the hash smoked away in the frying pan.

At first there had been three roaches, but David, in the last two months, had killed two of them. They were much smaller than this monster roach that always managed to escape. As long as the light was on in the kitchen, they stayed hidden. When the light was turned off, out they came. When the light was switched on suddenly, there they would be, scoffing up crumbs on the counter, bouncing around on the stack of greasy dishes and pans in the sink, or working away on top of the stove at splatters. David had killed two, but the big one always got away.

David snapped out the light, sidled sideways out of the doorway, and flattened his back against the wall. He decided to count to one hundred seconds. "Hundred and one, hundred and two, hundred and three. . . ." He had reached "hundred and thirty-two," when. . .

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

David removed the loafer from his left foot, reached around the door, flipped on the light, and, giving the roach a slight lead, crushed that hungry insect right against the side of the stove. It dropped to the floor, dead or badly wounded, and David stomped on it with his left foot. A mistake, he realized at once. He should have stepped on it with his right foot. The dead roach made a damp spot on his sock. No matter. The roach was dead, and the mocking laughter had stopped.

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

The laughter came from the other room now, out by the card table. David ran angrily into the living room, and back to the card table. No one. But there was no roast beef hash on his plate, either! Where had it gone? What happened to it? He was positive; he was certain that the plate was at least half full when he had gone into the kitchenette.

It wasn't me. Wasn't me.

The high, dry petulant voice of Mr. Williams floated out of the hole in the wall. David crossed the room, and reached down into the hole as far as he could. If he could catch Mr. Williams by the neck, he would choke him to death, but he couldn't reach him down in there. The evil old man. David did get a handful of slime however, the result of pouring chocolate milk, leftover food, and burning grease from his frying pan into the hole for months. The stench from the hole was nose-wrinkling.

David sniffed his slimy fingers. The odor make his stomach turn over. He made it, barely, to the toilet bowl, and let it all come up—the six sweet rolls, the tomato soup and gobs of Cool Whip, and two plates of hash and onions, except for the half-plate of hash that had been stolen by--?

David took off his pants, socks and KISS T-shirt. He got under the shower and scrubbed his hands and body with a nail brush, a rough washcloth, and plenty of Dial soap.

When the laughter begins, kill a roach: kill a roach and the laughter will stop.

Surely there were signs here. Death signs. There was a purpose in everything. Even a roach was God's creature. God did not mean for any person or thing to live a meaningless life. To search, to find, to act. "In the beginning there was the deed." *Faust. Part I.* He would have to—for peace of mind—kill Craig Glassman.

Like the cockroach.

David towelled himself dry, and squirted generous sprays of Old Spice deodorant into his hairy armpits. He dusted his body with Johnson's Baby Powder, and dressed again in the same KISS T-shirt, underwear and jeans. He found some socks that were just a trifle stiff in the cardboard box where he kept his dirty laundry. He put them on, and tossed the other socks in the box. He slipped into his loafers and then consulted his watch.

Eleven-thirty.

Was that a.m. or p.m? David cautiously pulled the blanket aside, and looked out. Ah! a.m. It was a cloudy day, but it was light outside.

David checked his .44 Bulldog, and reloaded it with five bullets. He put it into the large brown manila envelope, and tucked it under his arm. He closed the door, and slipped a paper match into the door beside the lock.

When Craig Glassman left for work at the Montefiore Hospital, he pulled out of the parking garage under the building, turning right on Pine, then right on North Broadway and left onto High Street. High Street went straight up the hill, and at the top of the hill there was a stop sign. David had followed Craig discreetly twice as he drove to the hospital, and Craig had taken the same route both times. He would probably continue to take the same route. Why would he change?

David got into his car, and drove down North Broadway to High Street and Park 50 yards from the stop sign. The traffic was very light for some reason, and there were two empty parking spaces. David parked the car and waited. In a fast pullout, he could simply turn right, and zip away toward downtown. He left the engine running, and turned on the radio. Andy Williams was singing "Moon River."

At one time, David remembered reading, Andy Williams sang for Lauren Bacall in a movie. And the people who watched the movie thought Williams was Bacall.

It was probably a lie.

All David had to do was to sit here, and when Craig came up the hill and passed by, David could take his time and shoot Craig in the head. Craig would still go through the intersection slowly, and David could get off a shot or two that would surely wound Craig, even if it didn't kill him. If wounded, Craig would panic, step on the gas, and careen down the hill on the other side, crashing his car.

David ate a Snickers bar. The next song was something by the Bee-Gees. David switched off the radio. He didn't like disco music; he hated falsetto, unisex voices.

Craig, as a general rule, left his apartment house at one p.m. There was plenty of time. Twelve-thirty now. The traffic thickened. The cars were filled with people wearing suits, good clothes, clean children. A car went by, and the kid in the back seat was wearing a necktie and a white shirt. Bells began to ring, carrying through the humid air from several blocks away. Church bells. It was Sunday. Craig wouldn't go to work today.

David was a day early, but Monday was another day, and a brand new week.

Chapter Fourteen

BEFORE THE PATROLMEN LEFT CRAIG'S APARTMENT THEY HAD GIVEN HIM WHEAT CARR'S TELEPHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS. In addition to helping out her father, Sam Carr, with his answering service, she worked as a fulltime dispatcher at the Yonkers Police Department.

"Jesus," Craig had said, "the poor woman must be on the phone all of the time."

"She is," Chamberlain replied. "But she's also very good at what she does, and you can always get a hold of her. So if anything else happens to back up what we have now, call her. Because all we have now are unconfirmed suspicions. Period."

Craig wrote down the information in his notebook. Chamberlain gave him Berkowitz's license number, described his Ford Galaxie, and provided Craig with a sketchy description: "Weird looking. Smiles all the time. Afro. Paunchy and pasty-faced. He's twenty-four, but looks much younger."

The cops left and with their departure, Craig, all alone, felt uneasy in the apartment. Certainly he would be vulnerable if he slept there. He had more or less dismissed the suggestion that Berkowitz could be the .44 killer, however. Jews were not violent people, and they rarely committed serious crimes involving weapons. They sure as hell didn't go around shooting strange couples in parked cars for no reason at all. No, Craig thought, Berkowitz is merely one of those alienated Jews who is pissed off at the world simply because he's a Jew. The novels of Bernard Malamud and Philip Roth were peopled with Jews like Berkowitz. About half of the students at the University of Miami were Jewish and Craig was familiar with the resentful type. There had been at least one or two alienated Jews in every one of his U-M classes.

Craig threw some toilet articles into a flight bag, and decided to move into his wife's townhouse. She was out of town anyway, and he knew she wouldn't mind, after he explained the circumstances to her, if he camped out at her place for a few days.

There was a sharp rapping on the front

door, and Craig jumped straight up into the air. For a long moment, he was afraid to answer the door. He got his pistol, held it alongside his right leg, put his back flat against the wall, and then opened the door without taking off the chain.

Two plainclothes detectives from the Yonkers Police Department were at the door. After they had identified themselves, Craig let them in, and relayed the information he had been given by Intervallo and Chamberlain.

They lost interest immediately.

"That's Detective Lorenzo's case. He's got the investigative file on the Sam Carr case, and it would be better if he takes over your case as well. We were sent out to talk to you about the fire, but we'd better not get involved. If we start a new file, we'll have to coordinate it with Lorenzo anyway."

"When can I see him, then, this Lorenzo?"

"We'll send him right over, as soon as we get back to the station." The tall detective lifted his chin at Craig's partially packed flight bag. "Why? Leaving town?"

"No, but I was going over to stay with my wife."

"Wait awhile. Lorenzo'll be here in a few minutes."

A half-hour later, Lorenzo was at the door. He was from the Yonkers Detective Division, and his

New York accent was so pronounced that Craig thought, for the first few minutes, that Lorenzo was putting him on. This initial impression was reinforced by Lorenzo's white shoes, expensive houndstooth jacket, and long collared sport shirt. With his dark hair and craggy good looks, he reminded Craig of a TV detective—James Garner, for example, of "The Rockford Files."

Lorenzo had brought Xerox copies of the letters to Sam Carr with him. As they compared them with Craig's letters, the similarities in the handwriting became obvious.

"Do you mind," Craig asked, "if I pass this information on to Dave Feliciano? He's handling the investigation for the sheriff's department, and I think he should be filled in on this."

"Hell no, I don't mind," Lorenzo replied. "If we'd had some kind of coordination with New Rochelle in the first place, we'd be a lot further ahead than we are now. It's nobody's fault, I suppose, but there're simply too many cities and too many police departments working independently in Westchester County."

"Do you think there's anything to the idea that Berkowitz is a Son of Sam suspect?"

"Why not?" Lorenzo shrugged. "In New York they're all a little crazy. The cops over there have picked up about three hundred guys for questioning so

far. Every neighbor who has a grudge against the guy next door calls in and tells the police that his neighbor is the Son of Sam. On top of that, every fuzzy mental patient home on a weekend pass from the hospital gets picked up for questioning. So sure, Berkowitz is a suspect, and so would you be . . ." Lorenzo grinned, "if you had a .44 caliber pistol."

When Lorenzo left, Craig telephoned Dave Feliciano. After he told him about the fire, and gave him the information he had obtained from the patrolmen and Lorenzo, he could detect a note of anxiety in Feliciano's voice.

"You're at home now, aren't you?"

"Yeah. In my apartment. But I was planning on spending the night at my wife's place, maybe even staying there for the next few days."

"Don't leave yet. And don't touch your vehicle. Before you move it, I'll check it over for booby-traps."

"Hell, I just got through driving my father to the airport and back."

"When did you get back?"

"After three-thirty."

"So it's been sitting there untended for almost four hours. Don't move it. I'll be right over."

"Okay. I'll meet you downstairs in the lobby."

When Feliciano arrived, he checked Craig's car in the parking garage, and declared it clean. Feliciano, balding, and looking older than he probably was, was one of the newest investigators in the sheriff's department. He had been given Craig's case by his chief because it was not considered a particularly serious case, but Feliciano took it very seriously. Craig came to the conclusion that Feliciano took everything in life seriously, including what to order for lunch.

"How do we get up on the roof, Glassman?"

"There are stairs that go up from the seventh floor, or we can go through my apartment and take the fire escape up there."

"Let's go through your place then. Berkowitz may have stashed a weapon on the roof."

They climbed through Craig's window to the fire escape. They paused on the seventh floor and tried to look into Berkowitz's apartment, but the windows were tightly masked by the blanket and the old tapestry. There was a light on inside, but that was all they could see. They searched the roof, Feliciano using his flashlight, but all they found were three used condoms. From the edge of the roof, in the back, Craig pointed out Carr's house below, and then Feliciano surprised him.

"See that house over there? The one on the corner across Wicker Street? That house belongs to a

guy named Joachim Neto. A few months ago, someone shot and killed his dog. A couple of weeks later, someone threw a fire bomb on his front porch. They managed to put it out before the rest of the house caught fire, but now I'm beginning to see another connection, aren't you?"

"It's obvious."

"It wasn't obvious before, but now it is. Neto didn't get any letters, but he claimed that he had no enemies. At the time, we thought it was just kids. This is Yonkers, not Montclair, New Jersey, with two cops on every block. Over in Montclair, if a juvenile delinquent turns up they send the kid to an expensive military school in Virginia or South Carolina for a couple of years. We give 'em their weapons back, and put 'em back on the street."

"Perhaps we should send Berkowitz to military school then. If we don't do something about him soon, he'll burn down the whole neighborhood."

They left the roof, re-entered Craig's apartment through the window, and then took the elevator up to the seventh floor. They knocked on David Berkowitz's door. There was no answer. There were no sounds from inside.

Feliciano left then, after Craig gave him the address and phone number of his wife's townhouse. Craig stopped for a steak, and then drove to the townhouse. It had been a long and hectic day, and

Craig slept well in Mac's bed, savoring the slight and all too recognizable scent of Patou's Joy.

On Sunday morning, Craig drove back to his apartment house and checked his mail. He hadn't got around to checking his mailbox since the previous Thursday. There were two letters in the box with the familiar handwriting. Without opening the letters, Craig held the envelopes up to the light. He could read parts of some of the sentences through the envelopes.

One sentence read, "I will punish you," and the other read, in part, "True, I am the killer, but Craig, the killings are your command."

The words could mean that the writer of these letters meant that he was merely a killer of dogs, but it seemed more probable to Craig now that Berkowitz was the .44 killer who prowled the night streets.

From his apartment, Craig called Lorenzo at the Yonkers Police Department, but the detective was off-duty. He then called Dave Feliciano at the Sheriff's Department, and told him about the new letters and the partial sentences he could read.

"The fingerprint men are off for the weekend," Dave said. "Bring the letters in Monday."

Craig went out to a restaurant for breakfast. On his way back he spotted Berkowitz's Galaxie. The yellow Ford had the same license number the police had given him. The floor was covered with

debris, mostly candy wrappers, and empty paper cups, and there was a packed duffel bag on the back seat. Draped over the bag was a blue ski jacket and an old pair of blue jeans. On the front seat, there was a yellow legal pad with Berkowitz's handwriting clearly visible and recognizable on the top page. Here, Craig thought excitedly, was proof positive that Berkowitz was the letter writer.

As fast as he could get to the phone, Craig called Feliciano and told him the good news.

"It doesn't prove anything," Feliciano said, not sharing Craig's excitement.

"What do you mean? How much proof do we need to pick this guy up?"

"It doesn't mean anything," Dave explained patiently, "because he will say, 'That doesn't belong to me. Somebody must've thrown it into my car.'"

"Through the *locked* windows of his car.' "

"I'll see you Monday." Dave Feliciano hung up.

It's Sunday, Craig thought bitterly. Nobody ever wants to work on a Sunday. He felt angry–and more than a little frustrated.

Craig was proud of being an unpaid volunteer deputy sheriff, but his authority was limited, and he knew it was limited. The purpose of the Sheriff's emergency force of volunteer deputies was a good one.

The Sheriff could call them out for parades and guard duty, and in a real emergency, like a riot or a disaster, he could muster a hundred men in uniform in less than five minutes. As a consequence, the Sheriff was concerned with the morale of his special deputies, but there was a considerable turnover anyway. After all, in America, an unpaid job is considered an undesirable job. Craig had been especially proud when he had been chosen to guard President Gerald Ford when the President had visited White Plains, but the position he was in now made him painfully aware of his limits as a functioning law enforcement officer.

Besides, Dave Feliciano had warned him not to do anything on his own.

Craig returned to Mac's townhouse and brooded. The least he could do, he decided, was to keep Berkowitz under surveillance. There was no telling what a crazy guy like that would do next.

Later that evening, Craig had to go on detail for the emergency force, and he needed some gear from his apartment. He called and asked his immediate supervisor, Chief Frank Randazzo, to accompany him to the apartment—just in case there would be trouble.

When Randazzo wasn't acting as Craig's chief, he was a produce manager at an A & P supermarket. In order to keep his sanity in the A & P job, Randazzo had developed a good sense of humor.

He was old enough, sixty-two, and short enough, five-five, to always want to do things his way. He was the kind of man who hated to delegate authority, because he knew that to do something right, a man had to do it himself. But Craig liked Randazzo, and over a period of several months they had become friends.

When they entered Craig's apartment, Randazzo held up a hand for silence, and for a long moment they listened to Berkowitz walking around in his apartment above them. It was now 11:45 p.m., and Randazzo wanted to go upstairs next and listen outside the door. They crept down the hall and listened for a while to the discordant music coming from the stereo player, and then they rode downstairs.

Craig took Chief Randazzo to Berkowitz's car, and pointed out the legal pad that was locked inside.

"I've got an idea," Randazzo said. "Let's drive over to the State Police Info Center, and run a computer check on his license."

After they ran the check at the New York Police Information Computer, they discovered that Berkowitz's license had been suspended since July 6, 1977.

"We've got him now," Craig said. "We can pick him up on that charge alone, the moment he gets into his car. Then we can legally search his vehicle and get him for the threatening letters and suspicion of arson."

"No," Randazzo said. "Let's play this game for bigger stakes, Craig. If this character is really the forty-four killer, we can make a major arrest. Let's wait until your new letters are checked out tomorrow, and see if there are any prints. If we pick him up prematurely, we could blow the whole deal."

Craig agreed reluctantly, and drove home to Mac's place to spend the night when his shift ended. He felt, however, that they were, at last, tightening the noose around Berkowitz's neck.

AUGUST 11, 1977

Residents Find That Fear Has Moved In Next Door

By JERRY SCHMETTERER and HARRY STATHOS

By day, it's a nice, middle-class neighborhood where couples live quietly in their well-kept houses surrounded by neatly trimmed lawns and their kids play in the tree-lined streets.

But on weekend nights, for blocks around, it is transformed into a virtual carnival as loud music emanates from the Elephas discotheque on Northern Blvd. and 211th St., Bayside, Queens, a popular singles night spot for young men and women.

Yesterday, the surrounding streets were ominously empty. Most mothers kept their children indoors, despite the sunny weather. They were struck by fear because Son of Sam — the .44-caliber killer — had paid a visit to their neighborhood.

His young victim, 17-year-old Judy Placido, had come all the way from the Bronx to dance at the Elephas.

Hears "Firecrackers"

Early yesterday morning, Marty Noskowicz, an auto body repairman, who lives at 45-20 211th St., was just dozing off to sleep when he heard loud noises, "like firecrackers going off."

"At first, I didn't pay any attention, but later I realized that they were shots," he said. "If you worried about all the noise that comes from that place, you'd be up all night."

Yesterday, there were clusters of older people discussing the shooting over backyard fences.

Jo Mantell, who lives with her husband, Hy, at 209-64 45th Road, said they were glad their children had grown up and moved away.

"Something like this doesn't make you feel too good," said Mantell. "It's a scary situation but everyone thinks it won't happen to them."

Feels Like a Prisoner

Mrs. Mantell, who said she wouldn't want to be raising children today, added, "You never know when the killer is waiting for his prey. You can get to be like a prisoner in your own home."

Bert Nichol, who has lived in the neighborhood for 15 years, said he has a 17-year-old daughter and "of course, this gives me a lot of concern. This would scare anybody."

"This makes me think twice about going out at night," his daughter said.

Other residents of the neighborhood said that there was no trouble until the discotheque opened several years ago.

"It's kind of a neighborhood joke about how the kids make out in the cars," said Dominick DeBisceglie, 24, of 211-14 45th Road.

He added that the disco is crowded every Friday and Saturday. It was reportedly a speakeasy during the Roaring Twenties called the "Pic 'n' Pat."

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AUGUST 11, 1977

Millions of Eyes Are Out for Sam

By VINCENT LEE,
WILLIAM FEDERICI
and RICHARD EDMONDS

Round-the-clock protection has been ordered for two key witnesses to the most recent attack by Son of Sam.

Police have enlisted "an army of 12,500 pairs of eyes and ears"—those of the city's drivers of radio-equipped taxis and buses—in their manhunt for the killer. And soon every subway train will be plastered with posters of the police sketch of Son of Sam, it was announced yesterday at Police Headquarters.

Police officers have been assigned as bodyguards for a middle-aged woman who came face-to-face with the .44-caliber killer between 15 and 20 minutes before he struck in the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn on July 31.

Officers are also protecting Tommy Z., a young man who was in his parked car on the Shore Road lovers lane and saw the shooting of Stacy Moskowitz and Robert Violante.

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

AUGUST 7, 1977

Salvatore Didato To Son of Sam: Where are you?

Son of Sam, you've struck again. We don't know where you are, but we do know that you're living like a terrified mole-in-hiding from those who would bring you to justice. How long do you want it to go on? Weeks? Months? Years?

Your crimes tell us something about you. You have a complusive personality which you can't control. Thoughts present themselves to you and you can't resist acting them out. They dominate your reason and you've lost your impulse control.

In 1956 there was another man with the same problem. William Heirens in Chicago killed 3 before he

was caught. He would get clouded thinking all of a sudden and then was overtaken by an irresistable urge to commit crimes. He realized he was ill, however. When he was clearheaded, he left notes telling police to please stop him before he struck again. A crazy part of his mind was dictating that he kill while his sensible mind was too passive to resist.

It's probably much the same with you. Perhaps your next irresistable impulse will be to kill yourself. This is what persons who have a compulsion neurosis or a malignant brain tumor often do. And you're likely to get worse, much worse, before you destroy yourself.

Chances are pretty strong you're reading newspapers and watching TV news broadcasts because persons like you who commit crimes, have a strong need, again a compulsion, if you will, to know how the public is taking it. But is that all the weird satisfaction in life left for you? Where does it end?

There have been others who committed crimes because of mental instability. Angelo Desalvo, the Boston strangler, Richard Speck, who killed 5 nurses in Chicago, and George Metesky, the so-called mad bomber of NYC, were some of them in recent times. When they got to prison they got the help they needed.

If you give yourself up, it will be an act of courage on your part. If you don't, then it's just a matter of time before you're caught, then prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law, without mercy from an enraged citizenry. Public sentiment will be dead set against you then, more than ever.

It's not too late. After the publicity and ballyhoo of your capture is over, the court will probably find you're unstable then you may get the therapy you need.

In your final hour, the mental health profession might just be your best friend.

Salvatore Didato, Ph.D., is a psychologist with practices in New Rochelle and New York.

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Gunner's Grim Score Card Keeps On Growing

By PAUL MESKIL

Five dead and six wounded in seven separate incidents over the last 11 months. All shot with the same .44-caliber snub-nosed Bulldog revolver, a high-powered weapon designed for police.

All but two of the incidents have occurred on a weekend—two on Saturday, three on Sunday. All but one have taken place between midnight and 3 a.m. Eight of the 11 victims have been young women, 17 to 26 years old, most of them with long brown hair. All but three of the victims have been shot while sitting in parked cars.

And the killer almost always strikes when the moon is neither new nor full.

His score:

- **Donna Lauria,** 18, shot dead at 1:10 a.m. last July 29, a Thursday, as she sat in a car outside her apartment house at 2860 Buhre Ave., Bronx. Her companion, Jody Valenti, 19, was wounded in the thigh. Miss Valenti had just driven Miss Lauria home from a discotheque.
- **Carl Denaro,** 20, shot in the head about 2 a.m. on Oct. 23, a Saturday, as he sat in a car in Flushing, Queens, with his girl

friend, Rosemary Keenan. Denaro, who had shoulder-length brown hair, survived. Police believe the gunman mistook him for a girl.

- **Joanne Lomino,** 18, and Donna DeMasi, 17, both wounded at 12:40 a.m. on Saturday, Nov. 27, in front of Miss Lomino's home in Glen Oaks, Queens. Hit in the spine, Miss Lomino was paralyzed from the waist down. Miss DeMasi was shot in the neck. The gunman appraoched the two girls and asked directions, then fired several shots at them.
- **Christine Freund,** 26, shot in the head and killed as she sat in a car with her boy friend at 12:12 a.m. on Sunday, Jan. 30, in Forest Hills, Queens. Her companion, John Diel, wasn't hurt. They had just left a nearby movie theater.
- **Virginia Voskerichian,** 19, a Columbia University coed shot in the face and killed at 7:45 p.m. on Tuesday, March 8, as she walked along a Forest Hills street half a block from the scene of the previous murder.
- **Valentina Suriani,** 18, and Alexander Esau, 19, shot dead about 3 a.m. on Sunday, April 17, as they sat in a car in front of 1878 Hutchinson River Parkway, Bronx, five blocks from the scene of the first murder last July.
- **Judith Placido,** 17, and Sal Lupo, 20, both wounded early yesterday while sitting in a car in Bayside, Queens.

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

AUGUST 5, 1977

Editor's note:
Take every precaution

By DAVID HARTLEY
Editor

Police departments thru out the metropolitan area have issued guidelines to help citizens best protect themselves against attack by the .44-caliber killer called "Son of Sam."

It's all they can do while they press what has become the largest manhunt in New York City's history.

We urge our readers to heed the advice of the police, to take every precaution they can. Avoid dark and isolated places—stay out of parked cars and stay home at the late hours. The chances of crime in such areas and at such times exists anyway, but few people change their routines because of it. They never figure it will happen to them. The difference with the .44-caliber killer is people figure it could happen to them.

It's the major topic of just about any conversation you hear. I can't recall when any single criminal at large has affected the lifestyles of so many people. Women have cut their hair, stopped going out at night and switched to clothing that disguises their femininity. In at least two cases, in Brooklyn and Mount Vernon, men have been attacked by others who thought they were the suspect. Every aspect of the case is discussed, from the latest speculation on where the killer may strike next to what the latest victim's mother wore on TV last night, with fascination as well as fear.

The fear is heightened by the fact that the suspect is "out there" and, for now, the suspect seems in control despite the round-the-clock efforts of hundreds of invesitgators, more than 1,000 telephone "tips" a day and $24,000 outstanding in reward money.

Until this person is caught - and capture is inevitable - your own common sense is your best guard.

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Chapter Fifteen

ON MONDAY MORNING, CRAIG TOOK THE TWO LETTERS TO FELICIANO, AND THE DETECTIVE OPENED THEM. The first letter they read seemed to be an indirect message about the fire Berkowitz had set in front of Craig's door. The salutation, "My Master, Craig, you will be punished," was the key sentence here; but there was also the admission, "true, I am the killer," to consider.

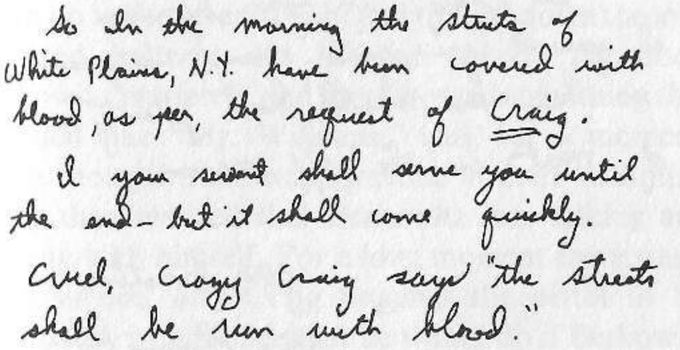
The second letter, however, although the message was equally cryptic, might mean that Berkowitz, if he was, indeed, the .44 killer, either planned his next strike in White Plains, or had made one already. But was it enough to alert the White Plains police force?

> *So, in the morning the streets of White Plains, N.Y. have been covered with blood, as per, the request of Craig.*
>
> *I, your servant, shall serve you until the end - but it shall come quickly. Cruel, crazy Craig says 'the streets shall run with blood.'*
>
> *So Craig, in your honour, I present you with many corpses so that you should have plenty of meat in the off-season.*
>
> *Your Brother*
> *White Plains, N.Y.*
> *God help and keep the dead*

"Were there any killings reported last night in White Plains?" Craig asked.

Feliciano shook his head. "Not that I know of, and if there were any shootings they'd be on the wire. He's probably just using 'White Plains' to keep us guessing about his identity, although he could hit White Plains next. It's not much of a drive from Yonkers to White Plains. But all of this is supposition, Glassman.

"What we're going to do now is to try out a new technique on these letters to see if we can bring out any latent prints. I'll contact you again soon, whether



So In the morning the streets of
White Plains, N.Y. have been covered with
blood, as per, the request of Craig.
I your servant shall serve you until
the end - but it shall come quickly.
Cruel, Crazy Craig says "the streets
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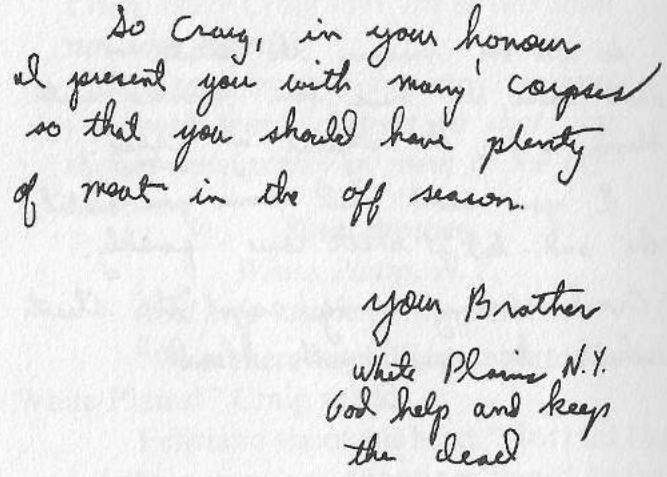

So Craig, in your honour
I present you with many corpses
so that you should have plenty
of meat in the off season.

Your Brother
White Plains N.Y.
God help and keeps
the dead

we find out anything positive or not. I'm as anxious to pick this man up as you are."

Craig drove back to his apartment. If he was going to stay at his wife's house for any length of time, he would need some underwear and socks and a few changes of clothing.

Once inside his apartment, Craig listened to Berkowitz moving about upstairs. Craig then made a trip up to the seventh floor and tiptoed down the long carpeted hallway. He listened outside the door. Berkowitz muttered, and then shouted something that sounded like "Mr. Williams," and, for a moment, Craig thought there was someone in there with him. Craig then realized that Berkowitz was talking and arguing with himself. For a long moment there was a dead silence, and Craig fingered the pistol in his waistband, wondering what he would do if Berkowitz suddenly opened the door with a pistol in his hand. But following the period of quiet, dolorous, dead-voiced Gregorian chants boomed through the door from stereo speakers. The sexless, mournful voices chilled Craig; he shivered and tiptoed away.

Berkowitz's car was parked in the driveway, indicating that he had been out during the night. Craig looked into the car and noticed that the blue ski jacket was missing. He wondered again whether Berkowitz had killed someone else during the night—some poor, luckless young couple in White

Plains. Jesus, Craig thought, I'm beginning to get paranoid. All the same, he was glad to drive away from the apartment house.

The next morning Craig was awakened by Aphrodite. Mac and the sheepdog had returned a few days early from Upper Darby. As soon as Mac opened the door Aphrodite found Craig in the bedroom, jumped on the bed, and licked his face.

Mac wasn't actually angry, but she was visibly perturbed.

"What are you doing here?"

Craig yawned, and looked at her. She was wearing a smartly tailored black faille suit with a cream colored blouse. She wore expensive black leather shoes, and she looked very attractive to Craig in this sober outfit. She had left the architectural firm, and now had a full-time job as a social service worker. Her conservative clothes reflected her new position, Craig supposed.

"I didn't expect you back so soon," Craig said.

"That doesn't explain what you're doing in my bed and in my house."

"It's a long story."

"I don't want to hear it. Listen, Craig, we're waiting for a court date for a divorce. If the judge thought that you were sleeping here at night with me, he could delay the dissolution and recommend a reconciliation. I know how these Catholic judges

think, and our lawyer says we'll probably get Judge O'Malley."

"I'd still like to explain. If you'll leave the bedroom, so Judge O'Malley won't find out that you've been staring lustfully at my naked body, I'll get dressed and tell you about it."

Craig put on his hospital whites, and entered the living room. Mac sat primly in the big wing-backed chair with her feet together and her hands folded in her lap.

Craig told Mac that he had received some threatening letters, and gave her a brief description of the fire. He did not tell her that the arson suspect was also a Son of Sam suspect. He wanted her to worry about him a little bit, but he didn't want her to panic.

"What did your father say about all this?"

Craig grinned. "He wants me to move back to Florida."

"Are you?"

"I will if you will. We can go down together, and start all over again." Somewhat to Craig's surprise, he meant what he said. If Mac had agreed, he would have gone right that minute.

Mac looked at her fingernails. They were well-kept nails, and coated with a clear varnish. "Well, you can't stay here, Craig."

"If I go back to my apartment, I might get burned out or shot."

Mac shrugged. "If you're afraid to go back to your apartment, move into a hotel. I can't let you stay here. It would be too—too awkward."

"For who?"

"For both of us."

"I'll get all my stuff together—*after* I shave."

Craig locked his belongings in the trunk of his car, and drove to work.

He had a lot to do that day, for which he was grateful, and he did not get around to thinking about Berkowitz again until he was just about ready to leave the hospital. He considered Mac's suggestion about moving to a hotel, but the idea made him sore. Why should he let this crazy guy force him out of his own home? Craig wasn't vexed with Mac; what she said was plain common sense. If they were going to get a divorce, and apparently they *were,* why should they risk any delays?

Craig did not sleep well that night, however. His revolver was tucked under his pillow, and at intervals, throughout the night, he would jerk to an alert consciousness when Berkowitz started to walk around upstairs. The night was so silent, toward morning, he felt that he could almost hear the man breathing up there. Although Berkowitz paced in a more or less regular circle, he seemed to have a *destination* in mind—which didn't make much sense to

Craig, except that the walking about seemed to be so purposeful. And once, when it was deathly quiet for a change, Craig actually heard the light switch click off. As the quiet continued, Craig got out of bed, sat in his chair, his pistol in hand, and pointed it at the fire escape window. The card table, with the chair on top of it, was in front of the window, as well. "If he tries to come in the window," Craig thought, "I'll kill him." Eventually, the pacing began again, and Craig went back to bed and fell into fitful sleep.

On the following day, August 10, 1977, Craig overslept. He dressed hurriedly, fed his cat, Hector, and dashed out of the door at 7:25 a.m. He got into his car, and was almost five blocks away from his apartment when he saw Berkowitz's car ahead of him. It was a pale yellow 1970 Ford with a black vinyl top; license number 561-XLB. The Ford was traveling at moderate speed, and Craig overtook it quickly. He wanted to see the man, to get a good look at his tormentor.

When the two cars stopped abreast of each other at a red light, Craig got his first look at Berkowitz, and Berkowitz looked back at him. The moment stretched out interminably. It seemed as if minutes had passed before the light changed. Craig had expected to see personified malevolence, a grinning evil face with a passionate intensity that was absent from the various police composite drawings of the killer, but what he saw instead was a sweet, simpering smile on a pasty face, a smile carved out of soft, malleable pink dough. There was no expression in the eyes. Nothing. They were dark brown, almost chocolate, but there was nothing behind them. Nothing. It was like looking through two paneless windows in a wall under construction. If there was any recognizable expression on the face at all, it was a resigned abandonment of hope.

The light changed to green. Craig pulled out, burning rubber, but Berkowitz's Ford did not move. A block away, and Craig could still see the Ford at the light, still not moving, while the cars behind it honked their horns in vain.

Chapter Sixteen

THE DAY PASSED QUICKLY FOR CRAIG GLASSMAN. He had been badly shaken, however, by his brief encounter with David Berkowitz, and thought about it throughout the day. There was such an emptiness there, such impersonality, such a studied indifference in Berkowitz's face and demeanor. A killer, Craig thought, is not supposed to look like a warehouse clerk on his day off.

Craig drove directly home from the hosital, and entered his apartment at five-thirty p.m. Berkowitz was home, too, and Craig listened, with a feeling of irritation, to the man's footsteps. Weary from two nights of uneven, and certainly unrestful sleep, Craig stretched out on the couch to take a nap. He slept for about half an hour when he was awakened by a telephone call from Joe Nannariello. Joe was his sister Sheila's father-in-law, and he had taken a liking to Craig. He telephoned frequently, just to shoot the breeze, and they talked on the phone for almost an hour about little or nothing. Craig came close to telling Joe about the letters, the fire, and Berkowitz, but then changed his mind. It was simply too much of a hassle to go through all that again over the phone.

Craig gathered his dirty laundry, threw it into a cardboard box, grabbed the half-gallon container of Purex detergent from under the sink, and went down to the basement laundry room. After he ran his clothes through the coin washing machine, he transferred them to the dryer. The dryer would take almost an hour, so he decided to go outside and check Berkowitz's Ford again. There had been a light rain, but the drizzle had stopped, and now there was an acrid smell of wet dust in the air.

Berkowitz's car was parked about seventy-five feet north of Pine Street. Craig peered into the car and noticed that the butt of a rifle was sticking out of the full duffel bag on the back seat, and an unsealed envelope on the passenger side of the front seat.

Perhaps the weapon alone was enough to get a warrant? Craig decided to call the Yonkers Police

Department and find out. As he headed back toward the apartment house he heard the clattering sounds of racing footsteps. He was surrounded almost immediately by five grim-faced men. Some were casually dressed, but two of them wore suits and ties.

"Are you David Berkowitz?" The man who asked the question was a sharp dresser, who also sported a heavy bandito moustache.

Craig laughed, and shook his head. "No. I'm Craig Glassman." He took out his I.D. and Deputy's shield and showed them to the man who had not, as yet, identified himself.

"D'you know what David Berkowitz looks like?"

"Yeah, I do. I got a good look at him this morning on my way to work."

Craig thought, naturally enough, that these were all Yonkers policemen, and that he was finally getting some official action about Berkowitz. He didn't discover until much later that the man who questioned him was Ed Zigo, a New York City homicide detective. Craig did not ask for any I.D. because all of these men looked like, talked like, and acted like policemen.

Zigo suggested that they go around the corner on Glenwood to get away from the building. As they turned to leave, Zigo noticed a marked Yonkers patrol car parked in front of the building. His stern face flushed with sudden anger.

"Call the Yonkers P.D. and tell them to get that God-damned car the hell out of here! It might spook Berkowitz. Tell them to keep all of their marked cars out of the area."

When they got around the corner, Zigo questioned Craig about Berkowitz, although he did not volunteer any information in return. Craig told him that Berkowitz was home now in his apartment, and filled the detective in about the threatening letters he had received, and the fire at his door.

Zigo nodded. Zigo seemed a little hyper to Craig. He looked very handsome in his tailored suit, and he had an authoritative manner, but his heavy moustache gave him a theatrical look, and detracted from the stereotype of an officer-in-charge. When Craig read about Zigo in the papers a few days later, however, he learned that Zigo was probably the best and toughest homicide detective in New York.

"Okay, then," Zigo said. "I'm going to drive over to the Yonkers P.D. to pick up warrants for Berkowitz's apartment and vehicle. And you, Glassman," Zigo prodded Craig in the chest with a stiff forefinger, "you don't go near his apartment. Stay clear of it."

Zigo and five other officers left, all wedged into one crowded unmarked police car. Four officers stayed behind. Two of them were on the roof of the apartment building—John Longo and Charlie Higgins—while Sergeant William Gardella and Det. John Falatico remained downstairs with Craig.

The three of them got into an unmarked police car, which was parked three vehicles back from Berkowitz's Ford. There were two parked vans separating them. Gardella had invited Craig to join them in the car because Craig was the only one of the officers on the scene who knew what Berkowitz looked like.

Craig then mentioned that there were four different ways of getting out of the building, and that merely watching from the roof and from the front door wasn't good enough if Berkowitz decided to slip out another way. Gardella picked up the microphone and requested some more men.

"Have you got your gun and cuffs, Glassman?"

"Just my thirty-eight in my belt, but not my cuffs. If you guys want me to assist in the arrest, however, I'll have to call in for permission."

"Go and get it, then" Falatico said, "but snap it up!"

Craig went up to his apartment. He called the sheriff's department and obtained permission to assist in the arrest. It was a standing rule that permission was needed if any deputy worked with another police agency. Craig's telephone call was tape-recorded, as well, and so was the official okay. Craig then got his shot-filled blackjack, in addition to the .38 Smith and Wesson he already had, his handcuffs, and a flashlight. He was wearing his usual at-home outfit (cut-off jeans, T-shirt, sneakers), but he didn't feel that he had enough time to change into different clothes.

While Craig was upstairs he could hear Berkowitz, and he informed the two officers, when he returned to the car, that Berkowitz was still in his apartment. Craig sat in the back seat of the car, behind the driver's side, where he would have a fairly clear view of Berkowitz if he approached his car from the driver's side. He had to stick his head out of the window, however, to see around the two vans.

At that moment, when he heard the crackling radio call in the car say, "Borough of Brooklyn," Craig realized that all of these cops were from New York, and not from Yonkers. This could only mean one thing: they were staking out Berkowitz as the Son of Sam, but he wanted confirmation.

"What're you guys after Berkowitz for?" Craig asked.

Gardella laughed. "A parking ticket."

"You don't have to tell him nothing," Falatico snapped.

"Berkowitz got a ticket for parking by a hydrant over in Brooklyn on the night of the last two shootings. We've checked out hundreds of tickets, and we just wondered why a man from Yonkers would

drive way over to Brooklyn in the middle of the night."

"Damn it, Bill," Falatico said, "this is none of Glassman's business. He's here to identify Berkowitz, period!"

"Not only that," Gardella continued, "there was a lady over in Brooklyn walking a dog who claims that she can identify the man who got out of Berkowitz's car. So if two and two add up, Berkowitz might just turn out to be the Son of Sam."

There was no doubt about it now. Berkowitz was definitely the Son of Sam, and he, Craig Glassman, was in on the arrest!

As it began to get darker, the street lights came on. There was a light close enough to provide a clear view of Berkowitz's car. The entrance to 35 Pine Street was fully lighted, too, and the light from the lobby that came through the glass doors made the porch even brighter. As the time dragged by, Sergeant Falatico, a stocky, middle-aged man with white hair, became visibly agitated. He asked Craig to describe Berkowitz three different times. Each time, Craig patiently repeated the same description, wondering what was bothering the sergeant. He concluded that Falatico was irritated simply because Craig was in the car with them, and that they needed him.

At nine-thirty p.m., when a man came out of the building, they were all on edge. It wasn't

Berkowitz, but the tension was getting to them.

At nine-forty-five, another man came out of the building. He was carrying a paper bag and walking quickly.

"Is that him?" Falatico asked.

"I don't know," Craig said. "I can't get a good look at him from this side."

The man stepped off the sidewalk and started toward Berkowitz's car. He got into the car and started the engine.

"That's him!" Craig said. "Let's go!"

Craig jumped out of the car. Running as fast as he could, he reached the car first. On the driver's side of the car, Craig pointed his .38 at Berkowitz's head.

"Freeze! Police!" Craig said.

By that time, Craig had fumbled his shield and I.D. out of his hip pocket, and had shown them to Berkowitz. The engine was still running.

"Turn off the engine, get out of the car, and get your hands into the air!" Craig ordered.

"What took you so long, Craig?" Berkowitz said softly. He flashed Craig a dumb, self-satisfied smile as he climbed out of the car. When Berkowitz turned his head, he saw Gardella pointing a gun at him from the other side of his car. Falatico stood beside Craig, dangling his handcuffs and grinning. Berkowitz nodded and smiled again, as though he were happy at being apprehended.

"You got me," he said, matter of factly. "How did you get me so fast?"

Gardella and Falatico made the prisoner lean against the side of the car. Craig covered Berkowitz with his pistol while they frisked him. The killer's .44 pistol was in the front seat, but he didn't have any weapons on his person.

A crowd of at least fifty neighborhood people appeared like magic from their houses and the apartment building, but they stayed a safe distance away from the car and cops.

As the other two detectives, Higgins and Longo, came running up, Falatico snapped his handcuffs on Berkowitz. Craig realized later that he had been used by the New York cops, although there was no way that he could have avoided what had happened at the time. Craig had to cover Berkowitz while Falatico handcuffed him, but because the handcuffs were Falatico's, Berkowitz became his prisoner.

Gardella and Longo stayed behind to wait for Zigo and the warrants.

"Where's the Yonkers precinct?" Falatico asked Craig.

"Yonkers doesn't have a precinct. It's a city with its own police station."

"All right, then. Do you know where the station is?"

"Of course."

"Then get into the car with us, and show us where it is."

Craig got into the car, together with Higgins, Falatico, and Berkowitz, with Falatico driving. As they drove away from the curb, Higgins said:

"Are you the Son of Sam?"

"For Christ's sake!" Craig said. "Don't ask him any questions until you've read him his rights."

Higgins took out his card and read Berkowitz his rights, but he "read" them from memory and without looking at the card. After each paragraph, he asked Berkowitz if he understood, and each time, Berkowitz nodded his head. Higgins then asked Berkowitz if he wanted to make a statement.

"No," Berkowitz shook his head.

"Did you write me some letters?" Craig asked him.

Berkowitz did not react, nor did he answer the question.

"Are you going to tell me," Craig continued, "that you don't know who Deso Demesmutz is?"

Berkowitz stared at Craig for a moment, and then looked out of the window.

Charlie Higgins went through Berkowitz's pockets and found a plastic Baggie containing eight shells. Higgins didn't have his reading glasses with him, so he asked Craig to check the caliber of the shells.

Craig looked at the bottoms: they were .44's.

"Do you know who I am?" Craig asked.

"I know who you are, all right." Berkowitz nodded. "You're Craig Glassman."

As Falatico pulled up in front of the Yonkers Police Department, Berkowitz asked them calmly and in a detached tone of voice:

"How'd you know I was the Son of Sam?"

They didn't answer the question, and there was no time left to ask Berkowitz any more questions, either. The time had run out. It seemed to Craig that almost every high ranking cop in New York had descended on the Yonkers police station. Yonkers cops who had been off duty had dressed again, and rushed down to the station for a curious look. A mobile television unit pulled up, and closely behind it was a car filled with reporters.

Craig was shunted to one side as Sergeant Falatico presented his prisoner to N.Y.C. Deputy Inspector Dowd and Chief Keenan.

"Do you know who these gentlemen are?" Falatico asked Berkowitz.

"Yes," Berkowitz said. "That's Inspector Dowd and Chief Keenan."

The two men beamed, pleased that Berkowitz had recognized them from their photographs in the newspapers. As the two officials started to speak with Berkowitz, Craig and Charlie Higgins slipped unobtrusively away.

Charlie drove Craig back to the apartment house. On the way back they stopped at a bar, and Charlie bought two six-packs of Schaefer. When they reached Pine Street, it was almost impossible to drive through the dense crowd. To clear a path, Charlie hit the siren a couple of times. There were more than 750 people from the immediate neighborhood and elsewhere milling about in front of the apartment house and in the street. The happy crowd knew that the .44 killer had been captured, but that was about all they knew. As a consequence, there was more misinformation being passed by word of mouth about the arrest than the kind of betting information a person gets in the fifty-cent seats at a dog track. There were several mobile TV and radio vans, with flood lights, and at least ten Yonkers uniformed patrolmen trying to keep the excited, jubilant crowd away from the building.

Charlie Higgins double-parked, and Craig and Charlie had to show their I.D.'s twice to get into the building.

The people wanted souvenirs. One man was stopped just in time from taking the license plate off Berkowitz's car. He cursed the cop who shooed him away, and claimed he could have sold the license plate for $500. For safety's sake, the police had the car towed to the station to complete their search. The large sand-filled concrete ash receptacle, that was usually placed

between the elevators in the lobby, was stolen, and several bricks were pried out by souvenir hunters from the building. Two New York City reporters and a news photographer were arrested for forcing an entrance into Berkowitz's apartment even though detectives were already inside sifting through Berkowitz's meager belongings and making catalogues.

Charlie and Craig laughed at the bedlam and went up to Craig's apartment to celebrate. The phone was ringing as Craig unlocked the door. It was a reporter from a local radio station. Craig talked to him while Charlie popped the tops on two cans of beer. There was one telephone call after another and finally Craig left the phone off the hook.

An hour later, when Craig had started on his third beer, one of the detectives came down from Berkowitz's apartment and joined them. Craig offered him a beer.

The detective shook his head. "Are you a religious person, Glassman?"

"Not really. Why?"

"It doesn't matter now, I guess, but you should pray to God he never came down here and blew your head off. He had a submachine gun, a twenty-two rifle, and two shotguns up there. And on the wall, he left a message, 'God save us from Craig Glassman.'"

It was two-thirty a.m. when Craig remembered that his laundry was still in the dryer in the basement. He went down to the laundry room and found that someone had taken his clean clothes out of the dryer and thrown them on the dirty floor.

THE HERALD STATESMAN

A volunteer deputy had key leads

By TARA CONNELL
Staff Writer

Westchester County Sheriff's investigators had placed David Berkowitz under surveillance last Saturday, but not because they thought he was the "Son of Sam".

Sheriff Thomas Delaney said Thursday that Berkowitz was suspected of harassing his neighbor, Craig Glassman, 29, a volunteer deputy sheriff and male nurse.

Glassman had received four bizarre, threatening and anonymous letters since June 7 and he was the victim of a fire that was set at his front door last Saturday. Twenty-two-caliber bullets had been thrown into the blaze.

Berkowitz lived in the

apartment directly above Glassman at 35 Pine St., Yonkers, and apparently placed blame for his own acts of violence on the volunteer officer. The two had never met, Glassman said.

“How dare you force me into the night to do your bidding,” one of the letters to Glassman said. “True, I am the killer. But Craig, the killings are your command.”

Glassman said he had no idea why Berkowitz had focused attention on him. He suspected that his deputy's uniform represented authority and had caused the man to suspect that he was being watched.

The deputy had moved into the building in March; Berkowitz had been a tenant since April, 1976.

In a press conference Thursday, Glassman described his role in the events leading up to the capture of the man police believe is the .44-caliber killer, “Son of Sam:”

On June 7, Glassman received a letter that was described as obscene and slanderous. “I thought it was a hoax,” he said. He reported having received the letter to the Sheriff Delaney, believing that someone in the department had a grudge against him.

A second letter arrived on July 13 and was more “religious” in tone, Glassman said. It mentioned demons, Satan and Christ. “I felt it wasn't a prank anymore so an investigation was opened on a harassment charge,” he said.

Last Saturday at 7:30 a.m., Glassman awoke to the popping and crackling sounds of a fire at the front door to his apartment. Between 15 and 20 .22-caliber bullets had been thrown into the blaze. Yonkers police arrived to investigate and asked Glassman whether he had received any threatening letters.

The volunteer officer showed the police the two he had, then found two more in his mailbox. The newest letters called him “My master” and said “the streets will be filled with blood.”

Yonkers police said the letters were similar to one received by a Sam Carr, the owner of a neighborhood dog that had been shot. Berkowitz later told police, according to one report, that Carr was the “Sam” in the nickname.

The detectives told Glassman that Berkowitz was a suspect in the shooting and harassment of Carr. Delaney told Glassman to keep his neighbor under surveillance and assigned a criminal investigator to the case.

At this point, all the officials involved began to suspect that Berkowitz was the “Son of Sam” but did not have enough evidence to obtain a warrant to search the man's apartment, Delaney said.

On Wednesday morning, Glassman got his first glimpse of the suspect. Berkowitz was sitting in his parked car as Glassman drove past on his way to work at Montifiore Hospital in the Bronx.

That evening, on his return to 35 Pine St., Glassman decided to check Berkowitz's car. He walked over and spotted a duffle bag in the back seat. The bag contained what looked like a rifle. On the floor near the driver's seat was a letter with handwriting similar to that on the threatening notes he had received.

The volunteer turned to leave and was surrounded by about 10 detectives from the New York City Police

Department. "Are you David Berkowitz?" they asked. Glassman showed them his identification and offered to spot the suspect for them.

About 75 minutes later, at 9:45 p.m., Berkowitz emerged from the apartment building carrying a bag. The bag was later found to contain a .44-caliber Charter Arms revolver, linked through ballistics tests to the murder of Stacy Moskowitz.

Berkowitz walked across the street and got into his car. Glassman told the detectives, "I think that's him." He then drew his revolver and ran toward the car.

"Freeze," Glassman said, his gun pointing at Berkowitz's head. The suspect surrendered without a struggle, telling police, "You've got me."

"I know you," he told his captor. "You're Craig Glassman."

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

OCTOBER 22, 1977

Berkowitz to stand trial

By STEVEN CLARK
Staff Writer

The pursed lips broke into a big smile. He leaned over to his attorney Ira Jultak and said, "I'll be ready to have a lot to say." David Berkowitz was pleased with the idea of going to trial.

Brooklyn Supreme Court Justice John Starkey decided Friday in the makeshift courtroom at Kings County Hospital that the Son of Sam suspect was "fit to go to trial beyond a reasonable doubt." Brooklyn District Atty. Eugene Gold and defense counsel chose Nov. 2 as a control date to hear motions and set a date for the trial of David R. Berkowitz, charged in Kings County with the murder of Stacy Moskowitz and the attempted murder of Robert Violante.

It is believed that Bronx and Queens counties will decide within the next week whether Berkowitz is fit to stand trial for crimes committed in these counties.

In deciding the immediate fate of the 24-year-old Yonkers man, Judge Starkey rejected the findings of Kings County staff psychiatrists Dr. Daniel Schwartz and Dr. Richard Weidenbacher who judged the defendant incompetent on the basis of his unwillingness to assist in his own defense.

Berkowitz had said in a taped interview with Dr. Schwartz, which was heard in the courtroom Thursday, that "they could lock the door and throw away the key." He repeated this out loud in court Friday.

The defendant has said that he wouldn't allow his attorneys to put in a plea of insanity because he is not insane. He said on the tape that he wanted to go to trial "to warn the world" of the howling demons that had forced him to kill six people and wound seven others.

"He seems to be a man of very positive thoughts," said the judge in relating his decision. Judge Starkey also said "it was possible" that the incredible world of David Berkowitz, complete with tormenting demons in the form of dogs and Westchester neighbors, might be contrived.

Berkowitz, who has spent 10 weeks in Kings County Hospital, may now be transported to the Brooklyn House of Detention or Riker's Island.

During the testimony of Dr. David Abrahamsen, the psychiatrist brought in by Gold to examine Berkowitz, the judge asked the forensic expert if rejection by girls might have something to do with the shootings. "It certainly could," answered Abrahamsen.

Defense attorneys Jultak and Leon Stern expressed disappointment over the decision. Stern said he would look into the possibility of a change of venue for the trial, doubting that the publicity that the case had attracted would allow his client a fair trial in New York City.

Abrahamsen was on the witness stand for most of Friday's proceedings. Having observed the defendant on seven different occasions, Dr. Abrahamsen gave conclusions which differed sharply with the earlier disclosed reports of the staff psychiatrists. All three psychiatrists agreed on one thing — that Berkowitz understands the charges against him.

"He can be shrewd and calculating," said Abrahamsen of Berkowitz. "He is rather sadistic. He's bright, very informed and understood the questions, sometimes before I even asked them. He spoke in a well-modulated voice except when he got excited. He exhibited few if any anxieties."

Berkowitz' delusions of demons, which he has said forced him to commit the shootings, was transitory rather than constant, Abrahamsen said. The "alleged delusions," the psychiatrist said, were inconsistent. "It doesn't interfere with his fitness to stand trial," he said. "He understands, in my opinion, the charges against him and can assist in his own defense."

In cross-examining the witness, Jultak attempted to poke holes in Abrahamsen's testimony. The Mineola attorney later said he believed the psychiatrist's report was incomplete.

Jultak: "What did he say

his mother died of?"

Abrahamsen: "He said she died of cancer."

Jultak: "Did he tell you she was 'inflicted' with cancer by the demons so he could be isolated?"

Abrahamsen: "He didn't tell me, but he might have used words to that effect."

Jultak: "Do you find this significant in the delusional scheme?"

Abrahamsen: "You have to see what kind of personality you're dealing with. He likes to dramatize situations and he also likes attention."

Jultak: "He says in page eight of your report he likes good looking girls. It reads, 'I'd like to make love with them instead of shooting them.' Do you remember the context in which he told this to you?"

Abrahamsen: "I don't remember."

Jultak: "You were talking about two girls who had been approaching him on the street and he shot them. It was in context of 'Sam made me kill' and if it was up to him, he'd make love to pretty girls, not shoot them."

Jultak later asked Abrahamsen: "You think this is a prefabrication?"

"David Berkowitz is a very smart man," Abrahamsen answered. "He's cunning, he's increased or exaggerated his delusional system and he likes being in the limelight."

Jultak: "Are you saying Dr. Schwartz and Dr. Weidenbacher were fooled?"

Abrahamsen: "I am surprised that the two doctors have based their findings on alleged delusions."

One of Berkowitz' "demons" attended the hearing Friday. Craig Glassman, who lived beneath Berkowitz at 35 Pine St., said he was pleased with the judge's decision.

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

AUGUST 19, 1977

Son of Sam 'blooper'

NEW YORK (AP) — A pretrial agency recommended that David Berkowitz, who police say is the "Son of Sam" killer of six persons, be released without bail because he had a steady job, a permanent residence and no prior criminal record.

The recommendation by the Criminal Justice Agency Inc., a private group funded by the city and the federal government, "defies belief," Mayor Abraham Beame said Thursday.

The agency recommended Berkowitz' release on his own recognizance even though it knew he was accused of being the .44-

caliber killer, Beame said.

The mayor said similar recommendations in less notorious cases "could permit dangerous criminals to walk the streets on little or no bail."

At a news conference, Beame ordered an immediate investigation of the procedures used by the agency, which interviews every criminal justice defendant who appears before a judge in New York City and makes its recommendations to judges.

Beame said the recommendation was based on information supplied by the 24-year-old Berkowitz, who was a postal worker.

In practice, judges in the city usually order murder defendants held without bail initially.

Jeremy Travis, director of the agency, said the recommendation was based upon "unverified community ties," because Berkowitz had asked the agency's interviewer not to contact anyone.

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THE HERALD STATESMAN

MAY 22, 1978

Berkowitz goes berserk in court

NEW YORK (AP) — A berserk David Berkowitz threw his Brooklyn sentencing for six murders into turmoil today, and the judge cancelled proceedings until June 12 and ordered another psychiatric examination for the Son of Sam killer.

The ranting prisoner tried to bite and kick his way free from guards when they tried to bring him into the courtroom around 10 a.m.

About an hour and a half later, he came before the bench, handcuffed and began chanting, "Stacy was a whore!" over and over. He was removed.

Stacy Moskowitz was the last of Berkowitz' murder victims.

Robert Violante, the slain girl's date who was also shot by Berkowitz, stood up in the courtroom and shouted back, "You should get killed, you creep," as the .44-caliber killer was led away.

Neysa Moskowitz, Stacy's mother, then yelled at Berkowitz, "You animal, you bastard, you have no right to say that."

As guards tried to bring him into the courtroom the first time about 10 a.m., Berkowitz lunged toward a barred window and had to be subdued. In the struggle, he bit and kicked several of the guards and one of the them was taken to a hospital, according to a police source.

Three judges from three counties — Brooklyn, the Bronx and Queens — were to deliver sentences in the same courtroom, taking the bench one at a time. The procedure is similar to one they followed two weeks ago when the 24-year-old Yonkers man admitted killing six persons and wounding seven others during a 12-month shooting rampage.

Under provisions of state law, Berkowitz was to be given the opportunity to make a statement prior to each sentencing.

Scheduled to be first in the seventh-floor courtroom in the state Supreme Court building in Brooklyn, was Joseph R. Corso, a state judge who sits in that borough.

But when Corso returned to the bench and set June 12 as the next court date over Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola's objections, a friend of the Moskowitz family, Daniel Carrique, stood up and shouted, "What about the families? It's not justic. How much do you think they can take? They're human."

The maximum term possible for each of the seven separate Son of Sam incidents was 25-years-to-life, thus the 175-year figure, if each sentence was passed consecutively. In terms of overall concurrent sentences, Berkowitz faced more than 300 years.

But, under a provision of state law, Berkowitz would be eligible for parole after 30 years, although he could nonetheless spend the rest of his life behind bars or hospital walls.

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Guilty

Chapter Seventeen

THERE WAS A PHOTOGRAPH OF DAVID BERKOWITZ THAT APPEARED IN ALMOST EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IN MOST OF THE CANADIAN PAPERS. The photo was cropped a little differently in some of the papers, but it was unchanged in essence. The photo depicted David asleep on the bed in the hospital cell. In sweet slumber, his puffy face was as angelic as a baby's. His eyes were closed, with his long dark lashes brushing his cheeks. His kinky hair was slightly touseled, and his head was snuggled deeply into a soft pillow with a white case.

David loved this photo. He looked at it

every day. He had never known how he looked while he was asleep, and the picture fascinated him.

He had his photograph on the cover of *Newsweek,* too. But the photo on the cover of *Newsweek* was merely a blown-up snapshot, and he didn't care for the likeness. When the story of his capture broke, the news had to be disseminated in a hurry, and *Time* didn't have enough time to send one of its artists over to paint David's picture for a cover. He was sorry about that, but the picture of himself asleep was David's favorite of all the many newsphotos that appeared in print.

Oddly enough, the photo that David liked so much made a great many people who saw it angry. Infuriated people wrote David terrible letters, telling him, in great detail, what they would like to do to him. One man, in Petaluma, California, told David, in a letter, that he would like to cut off David's balls and make him eat them with Tabasco sauce.

In another letter, a lady in Appleton, Wisconsin, told David that he should be skinned alive, and that his dried, cured hide should be displayed in the United Nations Building in New York "with the rest of those dirty Communists."

Letters like these confirmed for David that he was not the only Son of Sam in the world who had to kill when ordered to do so, but he could never persuade the detectives who questioned him, for hours at a time,

that he had only been following orders. He was guilty of murder, yes, he admitted it, but it was not his fault. How could it be his fault when he had been ordered to kill by Sam Carr and Craig Glassman, via messages from their demonic dogs?

The detectives, although they were polite and very nice to him, remained skeptical. They were positive that he had an accomplice, a partner who drove the car for the speedy getaways from the murder scenes.

The detectives shook their heads, smiled, and repeated themselves:

"Come on, David, tell us why you shot all these couples."

And there David would be, back to Square One, and he would patiently explain all over again about Beelzebub, the 6,000-year-old Sam, and the fact that the Devil has great supernatural powers over the lives of people. The hate letters he received were proof of that, were they not? And were not people being killed on the streets every day by other Sons of Sam?

Eventually, David lost patience, became surly, and quit talking to the detectives.

David also received some nice, kind letters from women and young girls. There were women who sympathized with him, who wanted to cuddle his head in their laps. There were even a couple of marriage proposals. David wrote back to these girls and young women, but all the same, he was as skeptical of these females as the detectives were of him. Where, when all was said and done, were all these women when he had needed them—just one of them, to love him? No, they were groupies now, after the fact, now that he was a big celebrity, and famous, now that he was caught and would be imprisoned forever. Nevertheless, he thought that it was nice of them to write.

His five guards on the 'round-the-clock shift in the hospital were nice, too. They worried about him. They were afraid that he would do something crazy to himself. They worried every time someone came down the hallway, too. They knew, and David knew, that if anything ever happened to him it would be their ass. Even so, they were nice to him, and they didn't have to be.

Nathan Berkowitz, David's father, flew up to New York from Boynton Beach, Florida, but his visit lasted fewer than five minutes. Anything they had ever had to say to one another had been said already, on the day Nathan had found David an efficiency apartment in the Bronx, turned him loose, and retired to Florida with Julia.

Nathan Berkowitz called a press conference, and apologized to the world for the actions of his adopted son. He broke down in tears, and the press preserved the moment of bereavement in a newsphoto. Nat's gray hair clung to his waxen skull like

clumps of dry Spanish moss. His slight, elderly body was crouched in the classical grief curve, and his narrow shoulders were hunched against his sorrows. Gesticulating with his tired thin arms, he looked like an ancient fighter battling his shadow in an abandoned arena.

He didn't have to come up here, David thought, when he looked at the photo in the newspaper. He is responsible for nothing. I am not his son. He is not my father. He isn't even a Christian. And yet, David felt sorry for the old man, and wished that there was something he could do for him. But there was nothing, nothing he could do. Nothing.

David ripped the photo out of the paper and flushed it down the john.

Betty Falco, David's really real mother, paid a surprise visit to him in the hospital. An attractive woman in her early forties, she looked at David for a long time with sad brown eyes. For a moment, David thought that she was going to say something to him. The moment passed, and she didn't say a word. David wanted to say something to her, but he was a little woozy from medication and a heavy lunch (knockwurst, boiled potatoes, sauerkraut, cherry Jello), and couldn't think of anything to say. Finally, she started to weep soundlessly, dabbed at her eyes with a tissue, and walked away. David could not figure out why she came to see him. Perhaps she was merely curious? That he could understand; he had always been curious about how she looked, too, and now he decided that she did not look Jewish. Perhaps he should have come right out with it and asked her? But David had been a Jew much longer than he had been a Christian, and that was a tough question for a former Jew to ask anyone, including his real mother.

Best of all, David enjoyed talking with his psychiatrist, Dr. Daniel Schwartz, of King's County Hospital. Dr. Schwartz was a patient man. He spent a great deal of time with David, and gave him many tests. David never knew what Dr. Schwartz thought about him, of course, because the analyst was a highly trained listener, and the expression on his face never changed. He did not express surprise when he learned that David had an I.Q. of 120, nor did he say anything when David told him that he could have gone to Officer's Candidate School in the Army, if he had applied. He hadn't applied because, as he told Dr. Schwartz, he hadn't liked the Army well enough to spend three years as an officer, which was one of the conditions for attending O.C.S.

Dr. Schwartz ordered medicines for David, and the medications, which kept David drowsy most of the time, enabled him to lose almost thirty pounds by the time of the trial.

There was a Friday afternoon, around three p.m., when David had a long and angry argument

with Mr. Williams, who had somehow followed him to the hospital, and refused to come out from under his bed. On that hysterical occasion, David was given two Elavils.

For the next four hours, David sat on the edge of his bed and stared at a tiny brown smudge on the wall. He did not move, or think, or feel anything. It was one of the happiest periods in his entire life. When he came to himself again, he discovered his tray of food on the chair beside his bed. David didn't recall the guard bringing it in, and his dinner was cold. After that, David didn't get any more Elavils, although he was given other medications when he became very depressed, or felt suicidal.

David talked with Dr. Martin Lubin and Dr. David Abrahamsen, too. These psychiatrists were as impassive as Dr. Schwartz, but more businesslike. And although none of the three doctors told David anything specific, he gathered from them that if he persisted in blaming Carr and Glassman for sending him out to kill, he would, in all probability, be sent to an insane asylum instead of going to prison.

David wanted to go to prison. There he could atone for his sins, and convert prisoners to Christianity. In an insane asylum, he would be dealing with crazy people, even as a minister, and he would never know for sure whether he had converted a crazy person or not.

Sister Ollie Smith, a black evangelist from Brooklyn, frequently visited the patients in King's County Hospital. David asked Dr. Schwartz if he could see her. His request was granted, and David and Sister Ollie prayed together, and discussed the words of the Lord Jesus in the *New Testament.*

"The words in red are the words to read," she told him. "All the actual words of Jesus are printed in red ink. If you just read what He said, and don't pay no attention to the others, you'll do what Jesus wants you to do."

When David concentrated on the red words only, all of his doubts were resolved. He would plead guilty, give up blaming Sam and the dogs, and he would definitely go to prison.

David's lawyers, earnest men both, were infuriated by his decision, and argued with him about it. Leon Stern and Ira Jultak were appointed by the court to defend David, and they were positive that they could get David declared "Not guilty, by reason of insanity."

Of course, they both explained, David would have to go to a mental institution for life, instead of prison, but almost anywhere in the world he was sent to, they told him earnestly, was better than a lifetime in Attica State Prison. But David remained firm. He drew up a list of reasons for pleading guilty instead of seeking an insanity plea, and had his lawyers present it

to the court:

1. To save the taxpayers' money.
2. To save his attorneys' time.
3. Because Sister Smith wants it that way and she had a vision of it.
4. To go to trial and use an insanity defense would stir the demons against him.
5. No one would believe him about demons at a trial.
6. It would be cowardly not to plead guilty and it takes courage to do it.
7. A good Christian cannot plead insanity.
8. He wants to be a minister in prison and he cannot do that in a mental hospital.
9. Society demands that he plead guilty.
10. It does not look right to plead insanity.
11. He must confess sins to people as well as God.
12. An insanity plea would accomplish nothing.
13. He would never leave a mental hospital if he went to one.
14. People hate him and therefore he can't get a fair trial.
15. In a mental hospital they would "open" his head.

16. God wants him in prison.

17. It doesn't really matter; any place he is sent would be for the rest of his life.

18. To see him in jail would make the victims and their families happy because he would be suffering.

19. The guilty plea has to happen because that is justice.

The two lawyers, unable to change David's mind, gave up. They submitted their final bill to the court for $250,000. They were paid $15,000 instead. But even so, they filed a fruitless appeal after David was sentenced.

The sentencing, to David, was a very solemn moment. He wanted it to be a dignified proceeding, and he wanted to take his punishment in a Christian manner. But the moment was spoiled for him by some of the members of the victims' families.

When he entered the courtroom, looking rather nice in a powder blue suit and open-collared white shirt, they started to curse and revile him. David became angry, in turn, and lunged for the family members in the courtroom. Two court officers overpowered him, and dragged him, screaming, from the room. David kicked one officer in the shins, and injured the ribs of the other, for which he apologized later.

The sentencing was delayed because of

these outbursts, but David was finally sentenced in what was to become, like the famous brand-name oil, a Three-in-One courtroom. Because he had committed his crimes in the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn, there were judges representing each borough, all within the same courtroom. They took turns in questioning and sentencing him.

It took David a full hour to say "Yes" 132 times, in response to the questioning of the three judges. After the guilty pleas were tallied, and the years were totaled, Berkowitz was given 315 years to serve in prison.

He was returned to jail—not to the hospital—and when the time came for a new batch of prisoners to be processed for the Attica State Prison, Berkowitz went with them.

My Brother and my Lord,

Lord Craig forgive me for my failings and disruptions to your cause.

I see now how wise the Master as been in these last few weeks. For trully what you've said has come true—that I would be standing naked at the end of my life.

You and Papa have done well in concealing your true identities to earth.

Their are many of you, invaders, in high places of government awaiting the order to destroy Good.

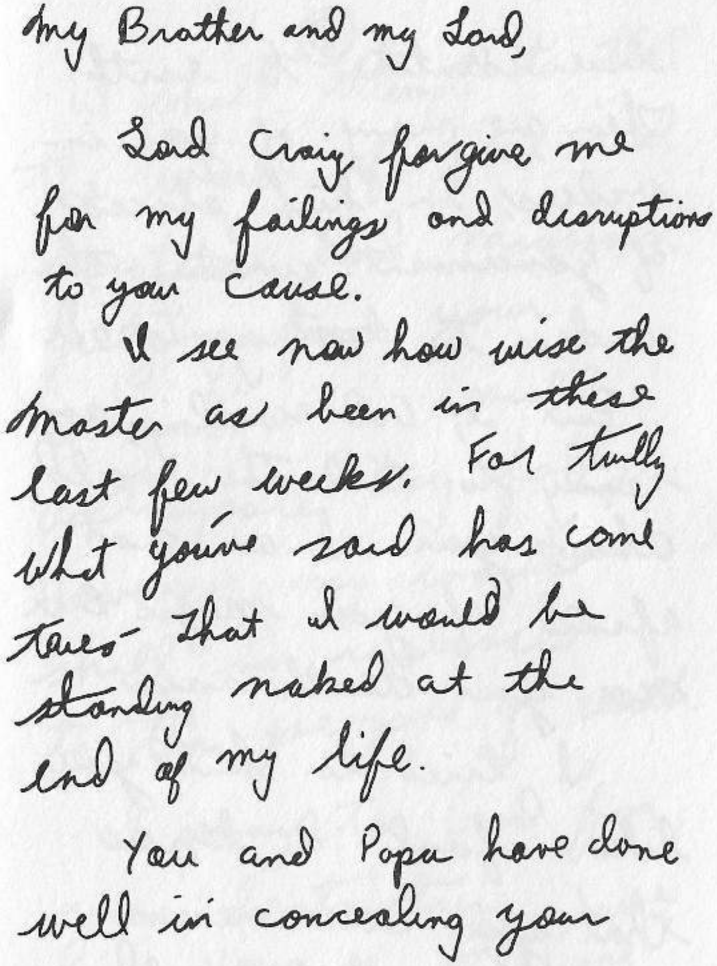
But I, God willing, am ready to tell the world about you. I am not afraid of your Magic Box nor your death rays.

I tried to kill you, like a fool. I know that you can never die but what could I do.

I shall attempt to tell the world of your real existence and mission. Judging from your silence, one could anticipate my folly. However, my words shall be reuleased to the people of earth.

I pray to God for your destruction.

Your Brother and Slave
Demesmutz
David Berkowitz



My Brother and my Lord,

Lord Craig forgive me for my failings and disruptions to your cause.

I see now how wise the Master as been in these last few weeks. For truly what you've said has come true- That I would be standing naked at the end of my life.

You and Papa have done well in concealing your true identities ② to earth. Their are many of you, invaders, in high places of government awaiting the orders to destroy God.

But I, God willing, am ready to tell the world about you. I am not afraid of your Magic Box nor your death rays.

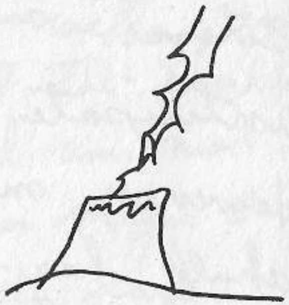
I tried to kill you, like a fool. I know that you can never die but what could I do.

I shall ③ attempt to tell the world of your real Existense and mission. Judging from your silence, one could anticipate my folly. However, my words shall be realeased to the people of earth.

I pray to God for your destruction.

Your Brother and slave
Dime-schmitz

David Berkowitz



SEPTEMBER 21, 1977

Sorry I tried to kill you — Sam

By CY EGAN

Son of Sam suspect David Berkowitz has sent a letter of apology to a Westchester County deputy sheriff he said he had tried to kill.

"I tried to kill you, but now I see how foolish it was," the deputy, Craig Glassman, read from the letter he said he received yesterday.

THE HERALD STATESMAN

AUGUST, 1977

Berkowitz — a man of letters

Berkowitz pleaded guilty on May 8, a week before his last letter to Mrs. Channel. He had written her on Jan. 16, "God has put it in my heart to plead guilty so don't be surprised when you read about it in the papers. Don't worry — it's all on the name of Jesus."

The letters to Mrs. Channel reveal a complex David Berkowitz.

In mid-January he said he had "tearfully repented of my deeds and I've been living gloriously for the Lord Jesus. In fact I've been doing so good that I've been singing and dancing in my cell. Jesus and I are back together again and it's so so good."

Two months later, however, he wrote: "I don't see how I could ever be forgiven by Christ and I don't know what I would say to him when I see Him. I have shut myself off from God and cast six souls into hell and destroyed the lives of others — no — I'm no child

of God. Rather I am a child of Satan. . . I'm not Christian at all. I am a cursed person beyond hope."

Autograph expert Charles Hamilton, who has previously sold some Berkowitz letters, said he had no doubt that the material is genuine.

Berkowitz, who was raised as a Jew, became a Baptist while in the Army but fell away from that faith. Mrs. Channel claims he can only be "saved" by a"a Christian psychiatrist," saying those who previously examined him were not Christians and therefore refused to recognize his demonic possession as the cause of the killings.

In his May 15 letter, Berkowitz wrote:

"I cannot believe that the papers said I had no remorse. Why I was almost in tears. That's one of the reasons I pleaded guilty in the first place. So I could tell the world that I was sorry and admit that I did wrong. Don't always believe what the papers say.

Furthermore, all the questions that were put to me and all the answers (my answers) were rehearsed in advance. This was all preplan by the judges, lawyers, prosecutor and myself. I had to plead guilty and yes I physced (sic) myself out for all of it."

Mrs. Channel said that letter ended suddenly, unsigned, "perhaps as possession began again." She said she began writing to Berkowitz after he told a judge last November that he considered himself "an animal" who is "less than a human."

A few days later, Berkowitz replied: "Please don't come to see me or send me any of your literature. There is no such thing as demon possession. It is, as far as I'm concerned — all nonsense. Take your nonsense and leave us alone."

However, he later wrote to Mrs. Channel asking "Please pray for me. Pray to Jesus that I get well . . . I would like to go to a mental hospital where they can perhaps treat me more humanly than prison. I know that I am no cold blooded killer and I don't hate girls."

In another note in the same envelope, Berkowitz said, "I'm a Christian now, you know. About three weeks ago I gave my life to Jesus and I promise to serve him. This, however, does not mean that I'm free of demons because I can still feel their presence often."

Mrs. Channel promised him not to show his letters to anyone without his permission but she broke the pact "to save his life."

She sent him some demonology books but he did not get them because, as he wrote, "Shrink's orders. No books about demons."

In a letter March 29, Berkowitz asked for a book "written by a young girl who is crippled for life," apparently intending to send it to one of his victims, Joann Lomino. He wrote:

"I want to give it to a crippled girl I know . . .If there is one thing I would like, it is for this girl to go to Heaven. Her name is Joanne and she too is a crippled girl, destined to spend the rest of her life in a wheel chair. I will do anything to get this girl saved even if it means going to Hell myself which I deserve without mercy."

He said he hopes to write a book, profits from which —by a recently enacted state law — would go to his victims. "But I do not believe it will make them happy," he wrote. "Only Christ can and I plan to witness to the victims via the mails and by ordering religious news letters for them. I pray for all of them daily."

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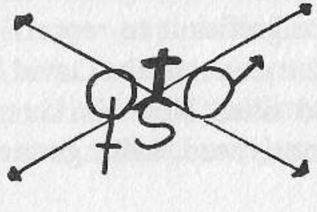
Chapter Eighteen

WHEN DAVID BERKOWITZ WAS CAPTURED AND SEARCHED, THE POLICE FOUND A LITTLE POEM ADDRESSED TO CRAIG GLASSMAN TUCKED AWAY IN HIS WALLET:

Because Craig is Craig
So must the streets
Be filled with Craig (Death)



And huge drops of lead
Poured down upon her head
Until she was dead
  Yet, the cats still come out
  At night to mate
    And the sparrows still
    Sing in the morning

Berkowitz's symbol in the middle of the poem received little or no comment in the press, but the poem did. It was reproduced in many newspapers, and because of it, Craig Glassman received a great deal of publicity and media coverage. He was sought out immediately by reporters, and his bizarre story was told again and again. Nor was Craig's part in the capture and the arrest of Berkowitz glossed over, even though official credit for the actual arrest was shared by Sergeants John Falatico and William Gardella.

As a media event, the capture of David Berkowitz rivaled the finding of the kidnapped Lindbergh baby back in the 1930's, except that news coverage has been amplified by radio and television coverage since then, and the demand for information on a big story is now so great that no detail is considered too insignificant to report.

For thirteen months David Berkowitz and his .44 pistol had filled New Yorkers with fear and trembling. Unmotivated killings are frightening because of their illogicality. When *anyone* can be shot at and be killed or maimed for no reason whatsoever, the life of every person is in danger. So the capture of Berkowitz was a big story. The entire city was excited and happy, and for awhile there, Craig Glassman was a media hero.

Craig, with his interesting story, appeared on many radio and television programs, and he was subjected to lengthy interviews by newspaper and magazine reporters. Highly verbal and articulate, Craig never tired of answering the same questions again and again.

Craig's photograph appeared in newspapers and magazines all over the country. Usually, it was the same photograph. Craig, wearing his deputy's uniform and cap, with sinister dark glasses covering his eyes, is not only handsome in the photo, he looks tough enough to eat a motorcycle. The editors all liked that particular photo, and they ran it every time they needed to fill a space in a new Berkowitz story. It was almost as popular as the photo of Harvey, Sam Carr's Labrador retriever, which also popped up in almost every story.

Once, during a television interview in his apartment, Hector crept into Craig's lap. As Craig continued to talk, the alert cameraman moved in for a tight close-up of the cat for a national TV audience; but no one, for some reason, ever got around to taking a photograph of Aphrodite.

The other residents of the Pine Hill apartment house also gave interviews to the press. Even though none of them had known Berkowitz personally, they had a good deal to say. One young woman, for example, who said that Berkowitz had poked his head into the laundry room once, while she was in there alone, claimed that, at the time, she thought he was "weird." Mrs. Williams, who lived next door to Berkowitz, said that when he told her to turn off her television set, and banged a hole in the wall, she had been afraid of him, and never turned on her set again while he was home. Why hadn't she reported him to the manager? She was afraid, that's why.

Another resident, who had never seen Berkowitz, was flown to Chicago to appear on a television talk show about the case. He enjoyed being on the show, and he liked the free trip, too, because he had never been in Chicago before.

As the TV newscasts appeared each night, Craig taped them on his Betamax. Later on, he had all of the segments, including his interviews, spliced on one reel of tape in chronological order. With a little encouragement, Craig will show this tape to visitors, and discuss the case with them at some length.

At Montefiore Hospital, when Craig went into the cafeteria for a cup of cocoa, he was always joined by nurses, technicians, and sometimes doctors,

who wanted to talk with him about Berkowitz.

Craig was stopped frequently in the street by Yonkers residents who recognized him from his television appearances. They always wanted to shake his hand, and to congratulate him. And one Yonkers merchant, to show his appreciation, gave Craig a 20% discount on a new suit.

Sheriff Thomas Delaney, of the Westchester Sheriff's Department, promoted Craig to Sergeant on the Emergency Force, and gave him a commendation. The County Board of Legislators also gave him a letter of commendation, and so did Abe Beame, the Mayor of New York City.

Craig got his divorce from Mac without any difficulties, and his social life improved. In hardly any time at all, Craig had more women to choose from than he could handle, and he made out like a bandit.

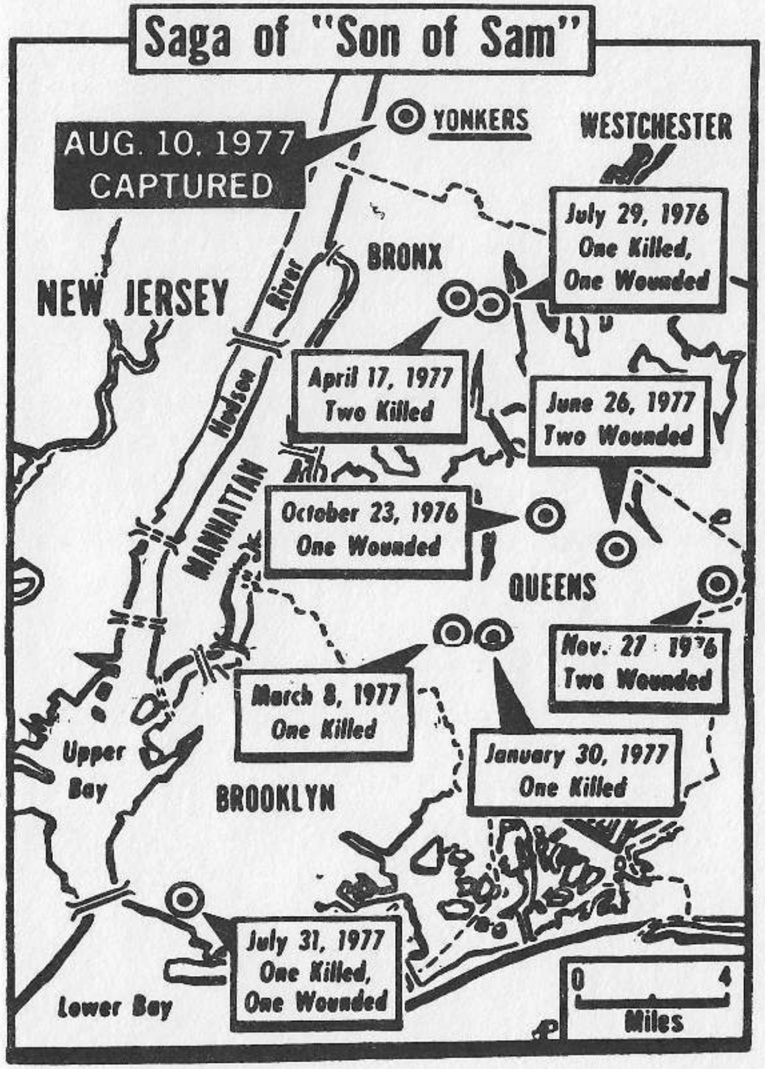
Today, at the end of March, 1980, three years after Craig moved into the Pine Hill apartment house, he still lives in Apartment 6E. Berkowitz's apartment has been changed from 7E to 7F, which means there are now two apartments numbered 7F on the seventh floor. The management also changed the street address from 35 to 42 Pine Street. The address change annoyed longtime residents because they all had to send out change-of-address cards. But even with the address change, an occasional tourist still manages to find the apartment house, parks for a minute or two, and takes a solemn gawk at it.

Craig still works daily with delinquent kids at the Spofford Juvenile Center (Kitty Jail). They give him a lot of headaches, but because he is helping them, he is fulfilled in his work every day.

One of these days, if a movie is ever made of his experience with David Berkowitz, Craig wants to work on the film as a technical advisor.

Craig thinks Al Pacino would be great in the part of Craig Glassman, but he wouldn't be surprised if they picked Al Pacino to play David Berkowitz.

The End ?


Saga of "Son of Sam"
AUG. 10, 1977 CAPTURED
YONKERS
WESTCHESTER
July 29, 1976 One Killed, One Wounded
BRONX
NEW JERSEY
Hudson River
April 17, 1977 Two Killed
June 26, 1977 Two Wounded
MANHATTAN
October 23, 1976 One Wounded
QUEENS
Nov. 27 1976 Two Wounded
March 8, 1977 One Killed
January 30, 1977 One Killed
Upper Bay
BROOKLYN
July 31, 1977 One Killed, One Wounded
Lower Bay
0
4
Miles